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The Week

ON his first day in office President Hoover was confronted by a difficult decision, and one rendered harder for him because of his Quaker training. He was called upon to take sides in the Mexican revolution, knowing that his choice would probably determine which way the scale would tip. It is a difficult question to say whether the United States ought to interfere at all in an internal quarrel in another state, and ought not rather to maintain strict neutrality, unless acting in a concert of the powers. Assuming, however, that interference was justified, our readers hardly need to be told that The New Republic believes Mr. Hoover acted wisely in deciding to support the existing government, by selling munitions to it and withholding them from the revolutionists. The Calles-Gil regime has plenty of faults, but even so, it represents more hope for the common man in Mexico than has ever existed before in the whole history of the country. The choice, however, was harder for Mr. Hoover than it would have been for the editors of this paper. To many aspects of the present Mexican government he is antipathetic by training, personality and philosophy. Against this more or less instinctive hostility, he had to set the advantage of encouraging peaceful succession as opposed to violent revolution, plus the fact of the presence, in the ranks of the rebels, of some dubious individuals and groups. We hope and believe that American support for Calles and Gil will result in an end of the revolutionary attempt before many days have passed.

RECENT reports from China show that the famine there is even worse than was at first feared. Something like 20,000,000 people are affected, and 500,000 of these are already actually starving. In western Shantung and southern Chihli, the crops are a complete failure, and the people are living on chaff and leaves. As is usual in Chinese famines, girls are being sold, as household slaves or as prostitutes, the current market quotation being $4 a head. The national government is doing what it can with its limited funds, but at least $12,000,000 is needed from abroad. The American China Famine Relief Committee, 205 East Forty-second Street, New York City, will gladly accept contributions and furnish information.

FAMINE is, of course, more or less chronic in China. That unhappy land is so over-populated that many millions of its people live and die without ever getting "a full meal" by western standards. The mere purchase of supplies with which to relieve famine in one area may so raise the price of food in another as to push numbers of people beneath the subsistence level. No country in the world is so in need of birth-control as China, where at present religion and social custom make its introduction almost impossible. To say this, however, is not to belittle the current need, or the desirability of aiding it. It is true that many of these 20,000,000 persons should never have been born, and never would have been, in Europe or America. Since they are here, and since many of them are faced with the prospect of death under particularly horrible circumstances, their plight calls for sympathy and for whatever degree of remedy is possible.

MUSSOLINI'S eagerly awaited speech at the great Quinquennial Fascist Council said very little that was not already known. As to the settlement

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of the Roman question, his guarded utterance was confined to a denial that the Church had gained at the expense of the State, or vice versa. He painted a rosy picture of Italian conditions in general, adroitly making it seem an especial advantage to the citizens of that country that the franchise has for all practical purposes been suspended. In regard to foreign affairs, he was much less jingoistic than on previous occasions of the same character. While he spoke with pride of the army, he added that the international horizon is at present clear. His whole tone was much more that of the responsible leader, and less that of the romantic adventurer, than in the past. Mussolini evidently feels far more secure than formerly. His dictatorship is growing up and settling down. The fact is on the whole a hopeful omen for the security of Europe, however gloomy it may make Italian liberals.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S message to the New York State legislature on development of the state's water power on the St. Lawrence is admirable in every respect. He continues the policy of Mr. Smith in calling for state ownership and operation of the generating plant. He tackles the problem of distributing the power as Mr. Smith did—that is, he wants contracts made with the private distributing companies which would assure rates to the consumer based upon a fair and limited return on the capital actually invested in the properties. Thus he would avoid the pitfalls of regulating commissions, court review, and the whole valuation controversy. He goes one step further than any plan formerly announced, in order to meet the objection that the state might have to deal with a powerful monopoly in making its contracts, and thus might not succeed in making a good bargain. He wants to create a board of Trustees of Water Power Resources, composed of men like Charles E. Hughes and Alfred E. Smith, who would attempt to negotiate all necessary contracts before the state had invested a dollar. It would then report back as to whether the private interests were willing to make reasonable terms or not. If they were not, the way would be open to create a publicly owned distributing system. At first sight, we can detect no flaw in this proposal. But it goes without saying that the Republican and utility-controlled legislature will not accept it.

THE DECISION of the General Electric, Ltd., of England, to allow only British subjects to subscribe to a proposed new issue of 1,600,000 shares of common stock has aroused a furore among the American stockholders of that concern. It is not clear, however, exactly what the basis of their complaint is. The move does not deprive them of any possible control of the company, since the stock they already hold has no voting rights. Non-voting stock is an American invention. At first it was thought that they were being deprived of a profit assured to the British owners, since "rights" of existing shareholders to the new stock would, it was estimated, be worth about $10 a share. But it was later explained that the new stock would not, according to the American custom, be sold to any of the shareholders at a lower price than its market value, but would be offered by the company for sale to the general public. This measure may be to the immediate disadvantage of the stockholders, but it is of distinct advantage to the company as a whole, since it enables it to secure more cheaply the money it wants. The reason for the national limitation advanced by the company is that it desires to distribute the new stock among possible customers, thus creating good will for its product. This is by no means a new idea to American companies, especially to public utilities. International ownership of industry may be generally desirable, but we see no good reason why a corporation—or a nation—which does not want to attract foreign capital should be forced to do so.

THE TELEPHONE companies are spending a lot of money these days in advertising to tell the public what excellent service they give and what good fellows they are. Since this money comes from the consumers, it might be fair to the public for these companies to add complete truthfulness to their other virtues, and explain their activities before public-service commissions and courts in raising valuations and rates. The New York Telephone Company might say, for instance, regarding Special Master Oeland's recent decision: "As a result of litigation lasting for years, and costing an immense amount of money (which the consumers have to pay) this company is about to gain the right to charge you $18,000,000 dollars per year more for its efficient services. The decision declared our right to a return on scores of millions of dollars more than has actually been put into the property, even though much of what was invested was spent at a time of very high prices. It also states that we are entitled to earn 8 percent on that inflated sum, even though we can borrow all the money we want for about half of that, and can sell all the stock we want to sell at a much lower yield. These surplus profits, gained by upsetting the decision of your Public Service Commission, measure part of what you have to pay for the privilege of having a monopolistic utility like the telephone owned by a private, profit-seeking company, instead of by the public. We are hell-bent on service and efficiency, but don't forget that we shall leave no stone unturned to make you pay handsomely for it."

MR. ROCKEFELLER has won his fight to oust Colonel Robert Stewart as a director and as chairman of the board of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana. The New Republic has repeatedly indicated its reasons for believing that Colonel Stewart no longer deserved the degree of public confidence desirable in the occupant of such a post; and it welcomes the result of the battle of proxies.

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Colonel Stewart may say what he likes, but he cannot wipe out the fact that he was concerned in the notorious, and fictitious, Continental Trading Company deal, part of whose profits went to Secretary Fall, nor can he deny that he hid another part of the profits, to the value of $759,000, for five years. He insists he was "vindicated" in his perjury trial, but he was acquitted on the technical point that a quorum of the Senate committee was lacking when he made his highly misleading statement that "I did not, personally, receive any of those bonds."

MR. ROCKEFELLER'S attack on Colonel Stewart was made purely on ethical grounds. There was no contention that he is not a good business man, or that the company had not prospered under his direction. We should like to believe that the Rockefeller protest had caused similar moral indignation in the breasts of many other stockholders, and that this was what turned the tide against the Colonel, but there is no clear evidence that this was the case. On the other side we have the fact that all his fellow directors supported him, as did 7,901 out of 7,918 of the stockholders among the company's employees. Mr. Rockefeller mustered only 15,204 of the 46,541 stockholders, but these controlled 5,519,210 shares of stock as against the Stewart faction's 2,954,986. Wall Street observers are unanimous in thinking that many who gave their proxies to the Rockefellers did so, not in a fine glow of morality, but because, as someone has succinctly observed, it is better to be friends with a billion dollars than with a million.

DR. HAROLD F. CLARK, Professor of Education at Teachers' College, Columbia University, has spent a year in studying the relation of higher education to earning power. He concludes that, if anything, going to school today reduces the ability to make money, and for two reasons. A college education "is likely to make a man too pensive and hesitant for the task of money-making, when daring and courage are the prime necessities." Moreover, the colleges are turning out more graduates, into the professions and the white-collar jobs in general, than there is room for. The competition of 100,000 persons for 90,000 places results, he thinks, in cutting salaries as applicants bid against each other.

A GREAT many things might be said about Dr. Clark's findings, but we shall mention only three. (1) If education unfits a man for acting "with daring and courage," something is certainly the matter with education. (2) The notion that the number of jobs is strictly limited, and that the number of individuals to fill them must also be limited, belongs to a discarded economic theory. The development of our civilization may at one time expand the number of white-collar jobs, and, at another, decrease it. (3) If educated men do not earn as much money as uneducated men with equal capacities, this may be because the educated men have found something in life more worth while than dollar-collecting. Even if Dr. Clark is correct, the monetary yardstick is one that should be used only in connection with others, and cautiously.

THE work on business cycles of the National Bureau of Economic Research, conducted under the direction of Dr. Wesley C. Mitchell, is already producing interesting results. It has been argued by some economists that there is really no such thing as "the business cycle," that the alternation of prosperity and depression is incapable of being reduced to any regular or schematic form. A new bulletin by the Bureau, entitled "Testing Business Cycles," reveals that its staff has succeeded in doing so, at least in certain respects. By a study of the volume of New York bank clearings since 1855, it has been discovered that there is a characteristic form of the curve between one period of business revival and the next one. Individual cycles deviate comparatively little from the average. Since it could be argued that a similar regularity in the movement of bank clearings might have been found if any choice of periods had been made, rather than those periods thought to constitute business cycles, the course of clearings was plotted for the series of presidential administrations. Here the average curve was entirely different in form, and, significantly, the deviations between the curves of the individual periods and that of the average was much wider. This is first-rate evidence that the cycle exists.

A Bank to Promote Peace?

A LITTLE over a year ago Mr. S. O. Levinson of Chicago offered in our columns a suggestion for what he termed "a financial path to peace," which it may be profitable to recall, now that the new conference on revision of the Dawes Plan is struggling with its problem in Paris. While Mr. Levinson held, both that reparations had no logical connection with the Allied debts and that the debts of the Allies to one another and to the United States were just obligations, he was concerned more with removing these irritations from the course of future peace than with validating past undertakings in full.

His article pointed out that the settlement of war debts negotiated between the United States and the Allies had already in effect reduced their principal (with accumulated interest) from about twelve billion to a "present value" of about five billion dollars. But these settlements were unsatisfactory in that they predicated payments lasting over the absurd period of sixty-two years. Future payments were uncertain, and, since the payments increased as the years went on, the bulk of the money would be received by an American generation which would have been relieved from the burden of our own war debt. Germany's future reparations payments were also problematical and a source of trouble. Why not

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clear up the whole situation by cash settlements derived from an international loan to Germany? Let the total sum of reparations be fixed at, say, six billion dollars, and be paid out of a new international loan which would be a first charge on German resources. Out of this let four billion, say, be paid to us by the Allies. We should thus accept a discount of 20 percent for cash, from the present value of the Allied debts to us. All reparations and debt obligations would so be cancelled. As a part of the general appeasement, the nations involved were to sign a treaty outlawing war.

The outlawry of war has already been effected, in a modified form, although at the time it seemed far from achievement. Will the conference now in session make any approach to the financial program outlined?

There are, naturally, formidable obstacles to any such outcome. The American experts on the Commission, unofficial as they are, cannot even admit any connection between German payments to the Allies and Allied payments to us, and so are in no position to negotiate such a general agreement as Mr. Levinson had in mind. Without some assurance as to what the United States is prepared to do in revising their debt payments, the Allies, and particularly France, are naturally playing for as large a contribution from Germany as possible. If this contribution is not to drag over a long series of years, remaining an element of uncertainty as before, it must be largely "commercialized" and paid in cash by means of a German bond issue sold to private investors. But whether investors can be induced to absorb a bond issue of anything like the sum demanded by the Allies is problematical indeed. The bankers who are to underwrite such an issue cannot fix its size on any political basis. They will want to know, on sound economic grounds, what payments of interest and amortization Germany can safely be depended upon to make, and to transfer across her borders. They cannot contemplate calling upon armies and navies to enforce payments of interest from a bankrupt or a reluctant Germany. Nor can they countenance payments so large that they would endanger foreign loans and investments already made in Germany since the War. In addition, they have to reckon with the fact that American investors would be expected to buy the lion's share of the bonds, and that the market for bonds in this country is now anything but good.

One possible outcome of the conference is, clearly, failure, and failure brought about by the Allied representatives as an object-lesson intended to teach the United States that war debts and reparations are necessarily united. "You want us to deal with Germany on a reasonable economic basis," they might say in effect, "but we cannot do so because you refuse to apply the same formula in your dealings with us. If there is no definite settlement of German reparations, it is as much your funeral as it is ours, because of your large investments in Germany in recent years. Come back again when you have something to offer."

But though a definite settlement appears unlikely at the moment, news despatches have carried more than a hint of a second course, which might avoid failure and lay the groundwork for future progress by establishing the machinery of a settlement. Whoever devised this ingenious plan took a leaf from the methods of the Dawes experts. As far as one can judge at a distance, the idea with which the experts are playing seems to be, first, to divide reparations payments into two categories—payments in kind, which involve no problems of transfer and no dangers to the mechanism of foreign exchange, and second, payments which are to be made in money. These latter, it seems to be assumed, are to be "commercialized"—that is, financed by German bond issues sold to investors. But, instead of arranging a single issue to cover a lump-sum payment, the plan seems to be to set up a sort of international bank or clearing-house which will float such issues piecemeal, as the market can absorb them and the capacity of Germany to pay interest appears. The maximum sum which such bonds might cover could be left to the politically-minded negotiators. But the actual sum would be decided by responsible banking authorities, as the situation developed.

These authorities would have to consider whether it would be safe to rely upon a continuation of the recent stream of foreign lending and investment within Germany, sufficient to make possible transfer of the interest on the reparations loan without disaster to the exchange value of the mark. (This is the means by which Germany, although she has had no export surplus, has been enabled to meet her reparations instalments so far.) They would have to consider whether, if a German export surplus developed, it was a stable and reliable one, such as to justify a new bond issue abroad. The chances are that the initial issue would have to be much smaller than any of the lump sums so far suggested, and future issues might not be forthcoming at all. Of course, there ought to be set a period of years within which all possible loans for this purpose were to be made.

If such an instrumentality were in existence, it could equally well be utilized for a commercialization and discounting of the Allied debts to the United States. Every virtue that it would have in judging, on purely economic grounds, Germany's capacity to pay, and in protecting German exchange, would be capable of equal utility in regulating payment on account of the Allied war debts. Though the American experts can give no assurance that it will be so used, the Allies are inquiring unofficially whether such a view arouses the favor of the government and people of the United States. If their inquiries meet with anything like a favorable response, they may decide to accept the bank on the chance. Once a going institution, such a bank would have other possibilities of service in internationalizing finance and thus aiding the smooth

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operation of the world-wide economic order which is an essential for peace. It might become a clearing-house for gold, thus minimizing the troublesome shipments of that standard of currency across national borders, and discouraging gold hoarding by the various central banks of issue. It could, in other ways than by regulating payments of reparations and debts, help to stabilize exchange and support currencies.

The basic difficulty in adjusting the reparations and debt questions has always been the uncertainty of the economic future. For political reasons, the Allies have insisted upon large payments from Germany, and the United States upon large payments from the Allies. But responsible economic and banking experts could never be sure how large payments could be ultimately collected without danger to the economic structure. If pressed to give a final answer, they must inevitably fix totals much below the political demands, in order to be on the safe side. The Dawes Plan consisted of a compromise—a fixing of definite and feasible sums in the immediate future, combined with the postponement of any setting of the total. Now the old difficulty reappears. The present commission has apparently invented a further compromise, consisting of a refusal to fix a definite total, combined with the creation of a new instrumentality, free of political influence, to fix that total piecemeal, as the basis for doing so appears. By such compromise and indirection, it appears, must common sense be insinuated into the minds of statesmen—if they are to accept it at all.

Mr. Root Proposes

WITHIN the last few days, Mr. Elihu Root has made great progress in smoothing out the relations between the United States and the World Court, if not, indeed, between the United States and the League. On March 6, he proposed a formula intended to solve the present difficulty rising from the demand of the United States for an absolute veto over requests for advisory opinions about questions as to which we "have or claim an interest." The Geneva conference of September, 1926, it will be remembered, merely proposed to give us the same right of blocking an opinion that other members of the League Council enjoy, leaving to the future the question whether such opinions can be requested by majority or unanimous vote.

According to Mr. Root's formula, the Council, in contemplating a request for an advisory opinion from the World Court, should invite an exchange of views with the United States. When the Court received such a request, it would give the United States a reasonable period of time in which to make a statement concerning it. In case the United States found it had an "interest," it might nevertheless allow the Court to act "without in any way binding the United States." Or, if every form of compromise should prove impossible—in case the United States were absolutely opposed to the Court's giving an opinion, while the other states insisted as resolutely upon having such an opinion, the United States would then have the right to withdraw from the World Court "without any imputation of unfriendliness to coöperate generally for peace and good will." In this respect, the Root formula follows the amending process of the Covenant. The members of the Council plus a majority of the members of the League may adopt an amendment to the Covenant, but if any state dissents, it may withdraw from League membership.

The Root proposal does not seek to abolish advisory opinions, nor does it attempt to say that the unanimous vote of the Council is necessary in requesting such opinions. The proposal does not, therefore, interfere with this instrument for pacific procedure, the importance of which The New Republic has already emphasized. It does not attempt to prejudge or stultify future developments of pacific machinery. If in the future it should be decided—and this is hardly likely—that a unanimous vote of the Council is necessary, in order to request every type of advisory opinion, the United States will have a veto. In the meantime, our government will have the right to withdraw from the Court in case of a request for an opinion to which we are opposed. When the World Court was asked to give an opinion in the Eastern Carelia dispute between Finland and Soviet Russia, it declined to do so because Russia had refused to accept the jurisdiction of the Court. The World Court would undoubtedly follow this precedent in respect to an opinion which had led to American withdrawal and in which the United States had a genuine interest. Latin-American critics fear that the Root formula will mean that the World Court will not be able to give an opinion in regard to any question relating to the Monroe Doctrine. But they forget that the Court will have the power to decide whether or not the United States has a genuine interest in the opinion. If the opinion, for example, should involve a dispute between France and Brazil over the claims of a French subject, the World Court undoubtedly would decide against the contention that the United States was legitimately involved. In other words, the Root plan makes the Court, and not the United States, the judge of its jurisdiction—and this is one of the outstanding advantages of the new formula.

The Root proposal is meritorious also because, instead of attempting to list certain types of questions in which the United States claims an interest, it insists upon a procedure to determine such interest in each case as it arises. It may be that the "exchange of views" between the Council and the United States in regard to our interest in an opinion will take place through formal diplomatic correspondence; but the success of Mr. Root's mission in Geneva, in comparison with the lamentable failure of the 1926 letter-writing method, conclu-

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sively shows that the exchange of views should take place by personal discussion and contact.

Further evidence that the United States is losing its sensitiveness toward the League was shown last week, when Minister Wilson hurried from Berne and officially deposited with the League Secretariat a copy of Mr. Kellogg's latest World Court note. This action enabled the League Council to discuss the Root proposal and to refer it to the committee of jurists. The Council returned Mr. Wilson's compliment by sending an official copy of their minutes to the State Department.

Once the Root formula is accepted, the United States will take part in the sessions of the Assembly and the Council for the purpose of electing World Court Judges. It may also assist in these sessions for the purpose of deciding about advisory opinions. Participation in these limited fields will inevitably be followed by coöperation in other peace-time activities. It is to be hoped that the Root formula will not require amendment to the American reservations that will force their return to the Senate. But even if this proves necessary, we believe that the Senate, which has recently demonstrated a new spirit in approving the Pan-American conciliation agreement and the anti-slavery convention, will show toward the Root formula the same reasonable and friendly consideration which it has already received from Geneva.

Mr. Hoover and Prohibition

MR. HOOVER'S commission to investigate the present status of prohibition, promised during the political campaign, has grown in scope. He now announces that it will survey as well the entire federal machinery of justice, making recommendations for whatever reorganization and reformation may be necessary. The enlargement of its function is a skillful device for lessening the emphasis on the dry law, though that will still be the chief of the matters with which the commission must deal.

During the campaign, many of Mr. Hoover's wet Republican supporters assumed that the purpose of the commission would be to consider whether the "noble experiment" ought to be continued or abandoned; but nothing that he has said justifies this theory. It is true that he has always referred to investigation of the Eighteenth Amendment, and never of the Volstead Act, which has caused some journalistic observers to infer that he might in the end decide to recommend changes in the latter. Any changes which he has in mind, however, if we go by the letter of what he has said, would be in the direction of more complete enforcement, and not in that which the wet Republicans desire, which is virtual nullification. His announcement regarding the proposed commission is couched in such terms that it is difficult to imagine that it would prepare a report which would say that prohibition is a failure and should be abandoned.

While this is true, it is quite possible that the ultimate result of the inquiry may be far from satisfactory to the prohibitionists. The commission, if it does its work properly, will indicate to what extent the law is at present enforced in various parts of the country. It must also indicate what degree of increased enforcement seems possible, and what this will cost, not only in money, but in other things, less tangible but even more important. If we assume, as it is only fair to assume, that up to the present there has been no real attempt at enforcement anywhere, then the work of the commission will result in painting for us a picture of the new social landscape which would be presented if the government should ever get down to the work in earnest. With this report in hand, Mr. Hoover can then say to the American people, in effect: "Prohibition hasn't been tried. This is what things will be like if it is tried. Do you want this result? And are you willing to pay for it?" Or he could do what so many of the wets insist—some of them perhaps not quite in good faith—that they want done: he could go ahead and do everything in his power to bring about enforcement, by asking Congress for higher and higher appropriations, more and more drastic laws and additional courts and prosecuting officials, and let the country learn from experience.

Whichever course he pursues, a great responsibility will rest upon the members of his commission. They must not only do an amount of investigating which might well stagger the most zealous research worker, but they must then draw the results of their investigation together into a report which will have momentous consequences for the country. We hope they will take their responsibility with the seriousness which it deserves. If they were to do a piece of political whitewashing, or a perfunctory job of inquiry resulting in recommendations which they know to be impossible of fulfillment, the result will be little less than tragic, and particularly so for Mr. Hoover, who has, in effect, pledged his engineering reputation to the efficacy of the course he now advises.

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"Final and Definitive"

The Reparations Experts at Work in Paris

THIS time we are told the solution will be "final and definitive." There have been plenty of solutions before, but they have unfortunately solved nothing. When I look back on the numerous conferences on reparations, I find it difficult to suppose that this Nth conference will do more than bring a provisional settlement, especially as by this time reparations and inter-Allied debts have become inextricably entangled and cannot truly be considered separately. The Commission of Experts may tinker with the German annuities, may even fix the number of annuities and the total of Germany's liabilities (ten years after the War!). It may go farther and attempt to commercialize the German bonds to a small extent. It may establish an International Bank, or a Committee of Trustees, or some similar organization, to take the place of the present machinery controlled by the Agent-General and the Reparations Commission. It may present us with an excellent scheme, but after the first obligatory and conventional applause few well informed people will believe that it has disposed once and for all of the reparations problem, and that for sixty, or thirty, or even ten years, the word reparations will never again be spoken in public discussions.

The truth is, we cannot escape so easily from the forest of financial mythology. At Versailles the trees were planted in the pattern of a maze. They have grown vigorously, and statesmen and experts turn round and round in the labyrinth. Every now and again they find a new theory which they mistake for an exit, but it is only a blind alley. They produce a plan, but it leads into a cul-de-sac. All sense of realities has long been lost. In 1919 the peace-makers were vastly pleased with these curious forms shaped like top-heavy 7's, and round-bellied 8's, and curly 9's and swan-like 2's, and bottom-heavy 6's, and angular 4's. They set them loose to play in the sacred groves of I's and O's. Since then I have watched many serious-minded men chasing these mythical nymphs. They sometimes go to London, sometimes to Paris, occasionally to Boulogne and Brussels and Spa and San Remo and Cannes and Boulogne. They have persuaded themselves of the veritable existence of these elusive figures. Nobody is so fantastic as your financier; and it has been entertaining to be shown that the Y of 1980 is the X of today. The trouble is that they have never troubled to ascertain what is the X of today. It has been thought quite unnecessary first to state the amount which Germany is presumed to owe. Germany owes precisely what she can be persuaded or coerced into paying by 1980—and working backwards on the compound interest tables we shall then find that the German debt is X.

In the beginning we were informed that Germany should pay the whole cost of the War—everything that had been spent, legitimately or illegitimately, by the Allied governments, everything that had been lost, everything that had been destroyed. Then the basis of the claim changed, and Germany was called upon to pay material damages and pensions. Once more the foundations of reparations were laid down, and this time they were Germany's "capacity to pay." Finally an entirely different criterion is taken—namely, the war debts of the Allies, one to another. Whatever France and Great Britain and Italy owe must ultimately come from Germany. There is a single debtor country, and, as the arrangements among the Allies themselves are merely intended to facilitate payments to America, there is ultimately one creditor country.

It will be seen that the Allied doctrines have undergone strange metamorphoses. There was originally no question of making German payments coincide with Allied payments; and Germany not unnaturally asks how it is possible to hold that, by a happy chance, she has liabilities which correspond so closely to Allied liabilities. The Allied claims square with the Allied needs. They square with them even before we know the total of the Allied claims. All that we know is that the Allies have engaged themselves to pay over a period of sixty-two years, and therefore—though this seems to be at variance with the Versailles Treaty—Germany must pay for a period of sixty-two years. It is time enough to work out the capital amount when Germany consents thus to cover the Allied commitments. Obviously we are in the realm of the arbitrary; and it is not surprising that German newspapers should describe reparations as the tribute which the vanquished pay to the victors. The truth is that the German debt is not a debt in the same sense as are the Allied debts. Personally, I have never made any secret of my belief that the United States would do well to wipe out, at least to some extent, the Allied debts, if only because they prevent a settlement with Germany.[1] But whether this is or is not done—or rather, whether it is done sooner or later—the Allies did, in fact, borrow a certain amount from the United States,

[1] Editorial comment on this point of Mr. Huddleston's will be found on page 109 of this issue.

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which they are called upon to reimburse. The amount cannot be disputed. But the German debt is nebulous. It is simply whatever we choose to say it is. It may, in accordance with changing conceptions, correspond to the whole cost of the War, or to material damage, or to an estimated capacity to pay, or to war debts, or to the sum which is reached by multiplying by five the number you first thought of, and dividing it by the last figure in the line. War indemnities in the past have never pretended to be other than arbitrary—though on a much lower scale—and it seems to me that the pretence of giving a scientific basis to the present war indemnity has utterly broken down. This does not mean that Germany should have paid nothing: the accepted rules of the game of war suggest that she should pay a great deal. It only means that, instead of gravely dickering about with pretentious claims, the Allies should boldly have imposed a reasonable penalty in 1919, and have released Germany from military control as soon as she handed over the stipulated amount. Instead, Germany was pushed into bankruptcy, and the enormous sums lost by the unfortunate German people did not benefit the Allied governments; and ten years after the War we are still trying to find a scientific basis for an unknown debt, while Allied troops continue to occupy German territory.

Like the *peau de chagrin* of Balzac, the Allied expectations have perpetually shrunk. There was idle talk in 1919 of such sums as 400 billion gold marks. By 1921, when M. Briand began the occupation of Ruhr towns, the figure was officially fixed at 132 billion. It was soon found to be nonsensical. Even M. Poincaré, when in 1923 he took effective possession of the Ruhr, thought of the debt as fifty billion—that is to say, the A and B bonds—offering the C bonds of eighty billions to England and America to paper the walls of Downing Street and the White House. Now there are vague estimates of a maximum of thirty-five billion —though this sum is not straightforwardly stated, but is derived from calculations as to the capital value of annuities.

That men who have never possessed four hundred dollars should speak light-heartedly of billions is in the nature of things, but it is really amazing that the diplomatists and bankers should have had no appreciation of the magnitude of the sums in question. Somewhere or other I read the other day that the population of the world has recently increased enormously—from a billion and a half to two billion. What are two billion? Why, every year Germany pays more marks than the world contains of men, women, and children, to the Allies. Moreover, she pays another billion in interest and amortization charges on account of her borrowings from the United States. It is true, of course, that by her bankruptcy she largely obliterated her internal debt. That obliteration, however, was amply paid in suffering, and one would suppose that Germany's internal arrangements, bad or good, would not affect her external liabilities. Yet now we hear the revival of the cry that Germany's financial burden should not be lighter than the financial burden of the Allies. Otherwise she will enjoy economic advantages. The less she has to pay at home, the more she must pay abroad. Here is still another standard by which to measure reparations.

Certainly the Dawes Committee of 1924 contributed something to the pacification of Europe. Exasperation had followed disappointment. Had the Dawes Committee not made acceptable proposals, France and Germany might well have become permanent enemies. There might have been financial chaos. There might never have been the Locarno Pact. The Dawes Plan, in its day, was the indispensable instrument of European restoration. On that side it cannot be praised too highly. In the prevailing state of unreason it could not have done more. Yet, examined coldly, the conclusions of the Dawes Committee were altogether inadequate. They could not be final and definitive. A tentative annual contribution was named, but if Germany were to pay these annuities for a thousand years she would not have reduced by a single dollar the total of 1921. On the contrary, since she is not paying interest on that total, she would owe more in a thousand years than she does now. Regarded politically, the Dawes Plan was helpful; but regarded financially, it was absurd.

Always, reparations have been regarded politically. There is no evidence that they are now being regarded financially. One side wants to pay as little as is politically possible. The other side wants to obtain as much as is politically possible. The business of the financial experts is to provide machinery. It is emphatically not to consider the root-matter financially, for there are no financial foundations. It is taken for granted that Germany owes precisely what she can be made to pay, and the concern of the experts is with ways and means. The methods of payment may be placed on a financial plane, but vital factors are omitted in determining the payment. That is why the phrase, used in this connection, of "final and definitive," appears to be meaningless. Nobody can look far into the future, and until the political element of the German debt is eliminated there can be no certainty. How is the political element to be eliminated? It is hard to see, but sooner or later this is the problem that must be faced. And since the Allies put pressure on Germany to pay because pressure is put upon them to pay, no satisfactory conclusion can be reached until the whole problem of international indebtedness, which includes inter-Allied debts as well as reparations, is seriously tackled.

SISLEY HUDDLESTON.

Paris.

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The Battle of Portland

PLACID, prudent, unresponsive, Portland sits upon two hills beside her Maine harbor. She is near three centuries old and suffers a little, one suspects, from a sort of mental sclerosis. Thrice she has been well-nigh destroyed, once in a French and Indian raid, once in bombardment by an irate Revolutionary British sea-captain, once by fire. She has survived, but adversity has made her cautious. She has grown slowly, with never a boom, for booms are foreign to her nature. And now, with but a thin sprinkling of alien blood, the descendants of early settlers look at their world with an aloof conservatism.

It is not to be expected, therefore, that Portland will wax excited over the fact that a significant journalistic struggle is being waged within her gates. It is the struggle of an independent voice to make itself heard and to survive. Until Dr. Ernest Gruening began printing The Evening News less than two years ago, the newspapers there were dominated by Guy P. Gannett (not to be confused with Frank Gannett of the Brooklyn Daily Eagle), whose father had founded the family fortune some thirty years ago by the establishment of Comfort, a magazine which now has a circulation of more than a million. Eight years ago the son consolidated the Portland Press and Herald, the surviving morning papers; in August, 1925, he bought the Evening Express and the Sunday Telegram; and he has made a great success financially as their editor and publisher.

Now, Mr. Gannett is not only a publisher; he is also a banker. He is vice-president of the Fidelity Trust, of which his long-time friend and business associate, Walter S. Wyman, is president. Mr. Wyman is the personal representative in Maine of Samuel Insull; the Fidelity is recognized as a "power trust" bank; and the Insulls control all Maine's electric and hydro-electric production save one small company. Their grip on the state is as tight as on any in the Union, and they take an acute interest in its political as well as its economic life. Mr. Gannett sold his common stock in the Central Maine Power Company to Samuel Insull, but still retains preferred stock in it.

Prior to the advent of The Evening News, the Portland papers were "power trust" papers. I do not mean by this that Mr. Insull owned stock in them. They are owned by Mr. Gannett, his family and some employees. But Mr. Gannett's social and business connections are such as to make it inevitable that he should sympathize deeply with the Insull plans and aspirations.

The establishment of The Evening News meant cleavage at this important point. The paper dissents from Gannett views on many other questions, but this is paramount; for Ernest Gruening's distinguished record as a liberal of courage is incompatible with power-trust ideals. He launched at once, editorially, into a candid discussion of Mr. Insull's attempt to buy a seat in the United States Senate for his man Frank L. Smith; and he greeted the Senate's rejection of Smith with a militant voice of rejoicing. He has exposed the machinations of the power interests at every turn. In Maine an outstanding political issue is whether power shall be exported by the state. This is now forbidden by law, and Mr. Gruening opposes attempts to repeal the law because he believes that once the Insulls tap the rich Boston market they will be even less considerate of Maine consumers than now. The Gannett papers consistently favor export.

The most disagreeable thing Mr. Gruening did, from the standpoint of his adversaries, was to investigate and reveal in his paper the structure of the power interests in Maine, with four tiers of holding, investment and finance corporations superimposed on the producing companies. The Maine consumer pays not only a merited dividend on the securities of the producer, but also on the securities of all these successive upper layers. The situation is not unique. Raushenbush and Laidler, in "Power Control," devote a chapter to this system, whereby authority is concentrated in a few hands at the top. But at any rate, so far as Maine went, Mr. Gruening was impudently anticipating the Federal Trade Commission at Washington, which had been preoccupied with the activities of the "million-dollar lobby," and with the costly utilities propaganda in the daily press, the public schools and the colleges. (Walter Wyman accepted recently the vice-chairmanship of a committee to raise funds for the development of Colby College at Waterville. "It was here," said the Waterville Morning Sentinel, "that his first big business, the Central Maine Power Company, got its start, and here he won his spurs as one of the great industrial builders of the country.")

Mr. Gruening's unsparing analysis shows that the Central Maine Power Company pays interest on seven varieties of bonds, and dividends on three preferred stocks, two at 6 percent and one at 7; and that after all this it was able recently to announce a surplus for dividend on its common stock at 19½ percent. Space forbids my going into his outline of the overlying holding companies and their structure. It is enough to say that he believes power and light could be sold profitably for domestic purposes in Maine at about a cent and a half per kilowatt-hour, instead of at the present ex-

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cessive rates (rural electrification is almost unknown, and the lot of the farmer the harder thereby); and that he would give the Maine Public Utilities Commission arms and eyes and teeth, so that it could get at the facts instead of accepting passively such reports as are handed to it.

It is not difficult to perceive that publications such as these in the metropolis of the state might prove irritating to the Insulls and their associates. Mr. Gruening charges that through personal influence and banking pressure they have dissuaded the principal merchants—in particular some big department stores—from advertising in The Evening News. In the sense that boycott means "to refrain from the use of; to keep aloof," his charge is unquestionably true; in the usually accepted sense of a conspiracy or conscious combination, clinching proof of a boycott, as might be expected, is lacking. Taxi-drivers with whom I talked, soda-clerks, a haberdashery salesman, a barber, cigarette salesmen, all without exception told me there was a boycott. Merchants emphatically denied it, declaring that their reason for staying out of The Evening News was wholly economic. They could cover their field, they said, with the Gannett papers—which require that every advertisement shall be placed in both the morning and afternoon issues.

Robert Braun, treasurer of the Porteus, Mitchell and Braun Company, is chief executive of the largest advertiser in Portland, and one of the "boycotters" of The News. He is a power company director and a director of the Fidelity Trust, although his firm does not carry an account there. On November 7, last, he wrote to The News:

> You have charged that five department stores not using your advertising columns were engaged in a boycott of The News. You have also stated that you have incontrovertible evidence of the existence of such a boycott.
>
> We assume that we are one of the five department stores referred to in this most serious charge.
>
> We herewith declare your statements, in so far as we are concerned, are absolutely false.
>
> This immediately raises the question of veracity.
>
> While we have no intention of engaging in a newspaper controversy, or making any further statement beyond the one we now make, we are most anxious that the truth be established beyond any question of doubt in the mind of reasonable persons, and that at the earliest possible moment.
>
> As a means to that end, we ask The Evening News to join us in requesting the Honorable Scott Wilson, Chief Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of the State of Maine, to select some person to act in the capacity of referee whose duty it shall be to pass upon this question and to make a decision as to the truth or falsity of these charges.
>
> Please give this the same publicity as the prior communications which have appeared in your paper.

Mr. Gruening did give it ample publicity. He ran it at the top of his editorial column. And he answered it, standing upon the first definition of boycott which I have quoted. It is possible, although he did not say this to me, that some of the "incontrovertible evidence" he has in hand could not be made public without embarrassment to his advertisers. He has charged openly, for example, that the Fidelity Trust called the notes of a merchant when he began advertising in The News, but he is not at liberty to name this man.

Mr. Gannett, as vice-president of the Fidelity, denies this charge with vehemence. He does not deny that Mr. Gruening made it in good faith, but says he believes the editor has been imposed upon. As for Mr. Braun, he has refused to say anything for publication since writing his letter. The position which he and other large advertisers take is that, although readers may prefer The Evening News to The Express, they still read a Gannett paper, The Press Herald, of a morning, thus covering their field. The Express has a circulation of 25,000, the combined Gannett daily circulation being about 62,000. The Evening News is soliciting advertising on the basis of 15,000, with the guarantee of a rebate if the forthcoming Audit Bureau of Circulation report does not show that figure. On that basis, unquestionably, its rate is very moderate. Portland has a population of 75,000 persons, but a trading area of 150,000.

This city, the largest in Maine, is unable to support opposing papers either in the morning or afternoon field, Mr. Gannett told me. I retorted that my town in Kentucky, with 15,000 population, had supported for years two healthy afternoon papers. Mr. Gannett was unmoved. He insisted that under modern conditions economic management required that in a city the size of Portland the daily press should be under a single management. The competition of The Evening News has not cut in either on his circulation or his advertising. To the contrary, both have greatly increased. His papers are prospering. One might suppose he would welcome the newcomer. Certainly his afternoon paper has been greatly improved in content since The Evening News made its appearance.

Mr. Gruening charges that advertisers who do not use The Evening News get preferred position in Mr. Gannett's papers. This Mr. Gannett does not deny.

Editor and Publisher, an outspoken trade publication, has declared this to be "the ugliest situation we have noted on the newspaper map of the United States in a long time." The editorial in which this statement was made dealt with the utilities boycott; and Mr. Gruening has printed the statement, made to one of his solicitors, of a representative of the Cumberland County Power and Light Company as follows:

> I am extremely sorry, but my orders are not to give the Portland Evening News a line of advertising. I got those orders from Mr. Gordon. Mr. Gordon gets his orders from Mr. Wyman. Mr. Wyman gets his orders from Mr. Insull. Go to Chicago.

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The situation has both its heartening and its amusing aspects. The Evening News has printed scores of indignant letters from its readers, declaring themselves "shocked and amazed" at the boycott, and asserting that the coming of The News was a "godsend." (Any advertiser might well take into consideration that sort of reader-loyalty, built up in a single year—for Mr. Gruening did not make his boycott charge until he had been publishing a year. Loyal readers make a good market; and readers of The Evening News are now proposing a counter-boycott against the merchants who do not use that paper.) And there was the case of A. Clifton Getchell. He wrote a letter, extremely derogatory of The News, but gave only a post-office box number. Mr. Gruening demanded that he identify himself before publication of his letter. He did not come forward, so Mr. Gruening printed it anyhow, and answered it. Then a great mystery developed as to who A. Clifton Getchell might be. Could this be the alias of a power-trust propagandist? A reader suggested that a $25 reward be offered for Mr. Getchell "dead or alive." This The News gravely did. Another thought the reward should be increased to $250, another that twenty-five cents was aplenty for a man of that caliber. To this day A. Clifton Getchell remains a mystery, discussed with sarcasm and hilarity by many residents of Portland.

One may suppose that the editors of the Gannett papers observed these carryings-on with a certain disquiet. If so, they gave no sign. The Evening News has never been mentioned in their columns, not even when violently assailed in court by the lawyer for a policeman under charges for protecting a disreputable tavern; the charges arose from an Evening News exposé. The Gannett papers had said nothing of these dives, where lumberjacks and sailors are debauched and despoiled.

Yet I would not have you think that Mr. Gannett is a spineless publisher. He once printed, and replied to, a letter from a political candidate who threatened reprisals because the Gannett papers were publishing news about Democratic candidates. And on another occasion, when the son of one of his large advertisers got into trouble, pressure was brought to bear on him to suppress the story. He had no competition then, and if he had consented the story would have been buried. His papers printed the original story and the developments under eight-column banner lines on the first page. If anything, they overplayed it.

There was another occasion worth noting. The fact that the mysterious Continental bonds in the Teapot Dome scandal had been traced at last to Will H. Hays and the Republican National Committee "broke" on February 11, 1928, a Saturday. The Evening News gave the story a great play; The Express ignored it. The next day Mr. Gannett's Sunday Telegram printed an Associated Press story about the Senate committee hearing, but limited it to John D. Rockefeller's statement and the refusal of Colonel Stewart, of the Standard Oil of Indiana, to testify. Not one word about the tracing of the Continental bonds to the Republican National Committee!

Mr. Gannett is a great friend of Will Hays and a former member of the Committee. Mrs. Gannett is now a member of it.

Those who read only the Gannett papers may be in ignorance even now of that sinister development in the oil scandal. One begins to perceive the uses of an independent opposition press.

Portland's first newspaper was founded 144 years ago, soon after the town took its present name. At the turn of the last century there were five dailies, three Sunday papers and several weeklies. Then, through mergers and consolidations, the daily press shrank into a single management. The same process is going on all over this country, and is one of the most disquieting facts about modern journalism. In 937 cities there is but one newspaper; in scores of cities, such as Springfield, Mass., Rochester, N. Y., and Wilmington, Del., the daily press is in the hands of one person or one family.

The evils inherent in such a situation are manifest. Not only is the selection of news subject to a single interest, but there is the possibility of coloring, suppression or distortion. Editorials know but a single tone. The individual who would voice an opinion, in a letter to the editor or from the platform, is under the tyranny of a single judgment or whim.

For this deplorable situation the advertiser has been quite as much to blame as the publishers' merger impulse. The advertiser would prefer to cover his market with a single appropriation if he could. This must be taken into consideration in the Portland situation. Undoubtedly there were merchants who resented the presence of a newcomer. If they thought selfishly of nothing but advertising appropriations, and not at all of the community's welfare, they may have thought kindly of a boycott. They may have undertaken to label Mr. Gruening—whose management of Robert M. La Follette's presidential publicity campaign is a damning fact in Portland—as a Bolshevist. This tag is a recognized and publicly proclaimed part of the power-trust propaganda technique, but the power interests have no monopoly of it.

On the train returning from Portland, I noted that a man in the smoking compartment was reading the Boston Evening Transcript. I always wonder why anyone reads The Transcript, and so I asked him. Thus we fell into a long and pleasant conversation. The man proved to be a Portlander, a director of the Fidelity Trust, and a friend of the power interests. He scoffed at the notion of an organized boycott against The Evening News.

"And yet I must say," he added, "that the power people have shown very little finesse in fighting the

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paper. There is the case of the Augusta House, in Augusta. Walter Wyman is the controlling stockholder in that hotel, and he bars The Evening News from the lobby. The only effect is to make people wonder what The News is printing that Wyman doesn't like, so they go outside and buy it." He shook his head. "Very poor finesse!"

SILAS BENT.

Skilled Work and No Work

The Third in a Series of Articles on "Men and Machines"

I

IN A LONELY spot in the Pacific, on the night of August 10, 1783, the ship "Antelope" drove on the rocks off Pelen Islands. The crew of fifty men, including sixteen Chinese, all managed to crawl ashore. Before the "Antelope" had broken to pieces on the reef, an improvised dock-yard had been set up on the beach, and the shipwrecked men had begun building a schooner in which to escape. Three months from the time of the wreck, on November 12, the new ship was launched; and she put to sea with all the sometime castaways safely on board. So well was she constructed that she was later sold at Macao for 700 Spanish dollars.

Probably no crew that sails the seas today could duplicate this performance. One fears the sorriest kind of a craft, if indeed any craft at all, would be the result of its labors in as many months as you please. If the marooned contingent lost its radio, the chances are that it would stay marooned indefinitely. Nor in the circumstances, if food were scarce, would I elect to be a Chinaman.

The day of the all-around man has passed. Thrown on the resources of our bare hands and a few tools, not many of us could ever build a schooner, or survive any serious predicament at all. Hence, Mr. Austin Freeman maintains that in losing our ability to face and conquer the conditions of our natural environment, our species is becoming atrophied, and thus less human. Biologically we are going backward.

Frankly, I do not believe it. There is no evidence, to begin with, that we are going backward—or forward either, for that matter. Biologically we appear to have remained static for 20,000 years; differing little from the Cro-Magnon man who drew pictures in the caves of France. We are primarily a tool-using animal, and if our tools are now bigger and more powerful, what of it? Instead of all-around skill, we have developed a great variety of special skills. This is admittedly to be deplored on desert islands, but one does not need a desert-island equipment on Long Island. Why is it worse to live in a world of specialized skills if it means more peace, happiness, comfort, leisure, and no compensating psychic loss? Mr. Freeman will say that there has been psychic loss, but biology does not help him to prove it. Specialization forces men to be less anarchic and more coöperative, a clear gain economically, and for all anybody knows, biologically as well.

Specialization can be carried, of course, to fantastic limits and become an active social disease, but this is no argument against specialization as such, only against its misuse. If skill *itself* has disappeared, the situation becomes far more serious. The muscles must be used, the hand and eye must have opportunity to coördinate, or something will surely go to smash. Most medieval artisans merely followed designs made by master workmen—as they do in the Orient today. The monotony of work under machine technology for great classes of occupations is held by Mr. Beard to be, not more, but less, than in the handicraft eras. Compare, he says, life on the latifundia of Rome or the cities of modern China with the life of a machine worker. "Those who are prepared to sacrifice the standard of living for millions to provide conditions presumably favorable to the creative arts must assume a responsibility of the first magnitude."

Certainly many of the skills of England were ruptured when Watt's engines began to pound. Hand-loom weavers, chain and metal workers, tailors, cabinet makers, were driven first to reduce their prices, then to sweat the labor of all the members of their families, and finally to the wall.

But this only disposed of certain sorts of dexterity. Granted that they were ruined, did not others arise to take their places? They did. Consider the skilled intelligence needed to design, build, install, repair and inspect the new engines and mechanical devices. The skilled machinist, boilermaker, tool-maker, engineer, fireman, plumber, electrician, made their first appearances on any stage. Meanwhile great numbers of the class which, in the earlier dispensation, would have been common laborers, diggers of ditches, went to work tending machines. Their tasks were repetitive and simple, but many observers believe that they took a step upward in the ladder. They had to know more than on the old job. "More brains are needed," says the editor of "The American Machinist," "to keep the machine functioning than to handle a shovel."

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Barnett finds that certain inventions, far from being introduced gradually, come relatively very quickly, eliminating hand work in a few years. The stone-planer was fully introduced in seven years; the linotype in ten, the bottle-making machine in six. But the use of the machine, even at its maximum development, is always narrower than the entire handicraft; some marginal hand workers remain.

The linotype brought a roaring new demand for printed matter and the linotype requires a skilled man to run it. The hand printer—if he were not too old—became a linotype operator, while many new men were broken in, leaving more skilled operators in the industry than before. The same thing happened with the bottle machine; with the Owens bottle machine, however—which came later—hand blowers numbering 9,000 were replaced by 4,000 skilled machine operators, in a period of twelve years. Skilled men declined in this branch of the industry.

Barnett's final conclusion is that, while in some instances, such as the linotype, more skill is needed, by and large the effect of new machines is to reduce the skill of that particular process. Women and children operating power looms have none of the art of the hand weaver.

We must remember that many of the articles produced by machines are new sorts of articles unheard-of in any other culture. They crowd in on top of the ancient family necessities of food, shelter and clothing. In so far as this happens, the factory does not affect the hand worker. He goes marching along, side by side with large-scale industry, doing his time-honored tasks of tailoring, house building, metal working, what not. Rabinowitz, writing in The International Labor Review, finds that in Europe today persons engaged in handicrafts far outnumber those in large-scale industry. "Not only is the number of handicraft workers still considerable, but it does not seem to have decreased, either absolutely or even relatively to population." His careful study makes it appear that the Jeremiahs have been talking through their hats, when they bade us, with tears streaming down their faces, regard the dying artisan. There are more artisans today than ever there were. This is certainly true of Europe, but more dubious for the United States—for which Rabinowitz has no figures.

Machines, strange to say, far from reducing the aggregate of handicraft work (again in Europe) have increased it. Their first effect was to reduce it, as the plight of the English artisans shows, but as the Power Age gained headway, inventing countless new processes and articles, additional tasks for the hand-skills appeared. The factory machine does part of the work, leaving expert hand transformers, finishers, dressers, fitters to link the process together. Furthermore, the factory has produced invaluable aids for hand workers in the form of sewing machines, knitting machines, motor-driven hand tools, and so stimulated the crafts. "Large-scale industry has provided certain old trades with the means of keeping alive and even of expanding. It has created and nurtured a large number of new handicrafts which flourished side by side with it, and which it has neither the will nor the power to absorb."

Let us turn to the new skills, which the industrial revolution has called forth.

> If, as conductor or engine-man of an extra or an inferior class train running in the same direction, you held an order reading: No. 1 Engine 25 will run twenty minutes late A. to C., and ten minutes late C. to Z., what time must you clear No. 1 at C? . . . In case the left back eccentric rod should break, what must you do?

These are two questions from the examination papers which all locomotive firemen must pass. A fireman has to learn all about forty-four types of locomotives, and at the completion of his training, must be ready to take the engineer's place at the throttle in any emergency.

There are some 200,000 railroad trackmen in the United States. They have to know how to build and repair switches; to lay and relay rails; tamp ties to hold elevation and surface; flag trains according to a complicated code; make adjustments to switch points; install frogs and guard rails; make emergency repairs to telegraph and telephone wires; build and repair fences; inspect track for spreads, sinking fills, swinging, heaving and buckling; learn and apply the formulas for shrinkages and expansions in rails due to changing temperatures.

The skill of tool makers is far greater now than in the old handicraft days. This art, however, is very highly specialized. A generation ago, a good machinist would tackle any job in the shop, but now the man on the milling machine hesitates to undertake a task on any other. Mr. Colvin notes a growing lack of fundamental mechanical sense among modern tool makers, due to specialization.

The art of the silversmith is a very ancient one. The machine cannot displace the craftsman in sterling silver work, but it can enormously assist him. Instead of chasing a bowl with his own muscles, he now uses a hammer driven by electricity—but, as heretofore, he guides its every stroke. In background work, the machine can improve the craftsman's performance; an automatic gauge can be set for strokes softer and more even than human eye and hand can emulate.

In the manufacture of aeroplanes, as we have seen, the craftsman is still the major factor. Skilled cabinet makers, instrument makers, painters, carpenters, planing mill operators, welders, tinsmiths, coppersmiths, seamstresses, work with the best of inspected materials upon a "ship" whose individu-

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ality they come to know and love. Four hundred persons, following twenty-one trades, take 18,000 man-hours to build a big three-motored plane. Their pay is high; their working conditions admirable; their adrenalin active by virtue of the "flying kick". . . . It is sad to think of mass production hanging, like a sword of Damocles, above their heads.

Although the building trades are the outstanding example of the craftsman defying the machine, the situation has begun to change, particularly in steel construction work. Steel frames, artificial stone, new metal ceilings, doors, casings, bases, shelvings, new paint compounds—all have driven building construction more and more into the factory, leaving less and less upon the job. The craftsman is turning into an assembly man—bolting together the standard parts which the factory makes. But the analogy cannot be pressed too far.

The following table serves as a rough indication of certain of the old skills which the machine displaced in part and the new skills which the machine has created. On the assumption that Rabinowitz is correct, and that there has been no net decline in handicrafts, is there any doubt that the workers of the Power Age are, in the aggregate, more skilled, if more specialized, than the artisans of any previous culture?

THE OLD HAND-SKILLS

Spinning	Stone working
Weaving	Pottery making
Smithing	Printing
Wood working	Glass blowing
Ship building	The household arts

THE NEW POWER-AGE SKILLS

Engine driving	Machine printing work
Track inspecting	Radio engineering
Chauffeuring	Laboratory research
Garage work	Prospecting and drilling
Steel construction work	Caisson work
Electric power servicing	Aeroplane making
Telephone and telegraph work	Flying
	Modern navigating
Camera and motion picture work	Modern tool making
	Accounting
Production pre-planning	Stenographic work
Sanitary engineering	Barbering and hair dressing
Medical, dental and surgical work	Publicity work
	Soft-drink mixing

The list of modern skills could be indefinitely extended, utterly overwhelming, in volume and variety, the skills which have declined. The principle often touched upon earlier applies here with equal force. When the machine controls the man, his skill evaporates; when he guides or controls the machine—as in many of these new occupations—his skill remains, and may even be enhanced.

There is one department where it seems to me that skill has been lost with no offsetting compensation. We have taken many of the housewife's tasks into the factory and left her to gossip, play bridge, buy more clothes than she needs, and make a sad spectacle of herself at so-called culture clubs. The poor woman has been left high and dry, after the children are big enough to dress and care for themselves—and there are not as many to dress as there used to be. The problem of the restless, neurotic middle-class woman is based on the fact that the machine has stripped her of her ancient skills, leaving nothing but boredom in their place. Nature has ever abhorred a vacuum.

The psychological effects of these new skills are a more dubious matter. As Simon Patten has pointed out in his theory of produce and climax, the old artisan saw the product of his skill culminating immediately before his eyes. Satisfaction came as he worked. The modern designer may not see the tangible product of his labor for months; indeed, may never see it. Satisfaction is delayed, or completely thwarted. Similarly, much specialized work of the highest skill is only one tiny part of a great process, and often the worker has no picture of the whole process, or where his task fits into it. The machine has thus operated to split the psychological unity of work and result, and to take away a greater or lesser amount of the craftsman's completed satisfaction. On this score the gloomy prophets have a case, but it needs far more investigation before we can know how serious it is.

II

We have seen ourselves, in the mirror of Middletown, surrounded by labor-saving machinery, working as hard or harder than ever. The multiplication of needs, the repair, the replacement, the overhead, have drained away the savings conceivable in a machine economy whose sole objectives were the abolition of poverty and the increase of leisure. Granting the rules of the game, however, the new work has operated to provide more jobs. If men had simply been displaced without a program for the simultaneous reduction of working hours, we should have been swamped with unemployed. As it is, the problem of unemployment has been ugly enough, but ever since Watt, new tasks, useful or useless, have ultimately been created.[1]

In the past year or two, however, the machine, in its furious race for mass production, seems to have begun eliminating workers faster than new tasks can be found for them, however long they wait. If this be true, we have stumbled into a mare's nest indeed. Those who work will continue

[1] Please do not lurch into the pitfall of thinking that all this new work has been a boon because otherwise half the population would have starved to death. If society had stuck to the old budget of wants, we should have been forced to cut the working day in two, keeping everybody employed, and supplying such a flow of simple food, shelter and clothing that starvation for any citizen would have been unthinkable.

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to toil harder than in the Rhine village, but a mounting reservoir of unemployed will be created at the same time, composed of men who know neither work, nor leisure, nor anything save tragedy.

Machinery did not create unemployment, but promoted it from a minor irritation to one of the chief plagues of mankind. As the road has lengthened from the origin of a commodity in the ground to its use by the consumer, the road from job to job has also lengthened. In villages, when the harvest season is over, one turns to lumbering or wood-carving—there is always work to be done. Among machine workers, the next job may be six months or a thousand miles away. Furthermore, a new invention like the "talkies" may appear, and if one is a musician in a moving-picture house, there may be no next job at all—unless one changes his profession. The new teletypesetter threatens to throw out ten thousand linotype operators.

In 1835, Charles Babbage wrote: "That machines do not, even at their first introduction, invariably throw human labor out of employment, must be admitted; and it has been maintained, by persons very competent to form an opinion, that they never produce that effect. The solution of this question depends on facts, which, unfortunately, have not yet been collected." Ninety-four years later, in 1929, unfortunately they have still not been collected. The United States has about the worst unemployment statistics of any civilized country.

The initial introduction of machinery into England caused no net unemployment, but the reverse. As prices fell, foreign trade rose, more machine-made goods were called for, and into the vacuum rushed farmers from the South, Scotchmen, Irishmen, even workers from the Continent. . . . In the later stages of the transition, particularly when the power loom came into full production, the displacement of hand labor assumed a more serious aspect. As England began to feel competition from other nations, the whole ghastly process of unemployment due to excess plant capacity made itself known—a process in which labor, lured to a manufacturing point in a period of sudden demand, is progressively laid off as competition, or shifting demand, whittles away the market.

With every new invention men and women lost their jobs. But always demand, due to lower prices or other causes, came along and saved their necks. Not individually, heaven knows, but as a class. New opportunities, services, trades, opened for those whom machinery had displaced. The only proof needed of this general statement is that, from 1860 to about 1920, unemployment did not grow larger in proportion to the total population. It went up and down, but the total firing rate did not exceed the total hiring rate.

But since the so-called wave of prosperity, following the depression of 1921, has brought mass production and the automatic process to heights undreamed-of, an uneasy suspicion has gathered that the "blotting paper" industries will soak up no more men. The situation is aggravated, furthermore, by the increasing number of women who are invading industry. Where are the poor wretches to go? The announced answer is the park bench. A new job can no longer be created as fast as the machine tips a man out of an old one. Adjustments which used to have the freedom of years must now be made in months. The costs of distribution have trebled since 1870, and it is reasonable to suppose that there is a limit to the men and women who can be packed into the line between factory door and ultimate consumer—retailers, jobbers, house-to-house canvassers and the rest. There is certainly one distributor at the present time for every producer, and in many trades the ratio is as high as two to one. Mechanical devices are already ousting skilled clerical workers and replacing them with operators who need not know how to add, subtract, divide or multiply. Orders are transmitted on conveyor belts with each checker or typist doing one operation. Office work is being measured by cyclometers and square inches of typed matter. Twenty simultaneous check signatures are made with one pen. Opportunity in the white collar services is being steadily undermined.

Again, it is agreed by all competent economists that purchasing power has not kept step with invention. Unless prices fall as fast as labor-saving devices increase, the saved laborer must whistle for employment. With a static price level, he will have to keep on whistling. Prices have not been declining rapidly in recent years.

We have, then, at least three moderately reasonable theories for the zero hour of accelerating unemployment—unheard-of efficiency, a saturated distribution system, no assured expansion in purchasing power consistent with invention. . . . And if true, is it not all tragically ridiculous? Men are to tramp the streets by the thousands, because machines can provide *more* than enough to go round. Perhaps the financial system under whose blessings we live is about to register a crowning example of its inability to adjust the Power Age to man. I hope it cracks.

The number of productive workers has declined in America, as follows, according to the United States Department of Commerce:

	1919	*1925*	*Decline*
Agriculture	11,300,000	10,700,000	600,000
Manufacturing and Mechanical	10,670,000	9,770,000	900,000
Railroads	2,035,000	1,860,000	175,000
Mining	1,050,000	1,050,000	
Total	25,055,000	23,380,000	1,675,000

The decline in 1929 registers over 2,000,000, and all recent counts of factory workers show a greater output with not only relatively, but absolutely,

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fewer men. For a hundred years every census tabulated an increasing number of persons employed in factories; now suddenly, since the War, with an increasing population, there are fewer persons in factories. Something cardinal has happened; some mighty corner has been rounded.

Evans Clark in The New York Times shows the phenomenon by index numbers:

	Factory Employees	*Production*
1914	100	100
1919	129	147
1924	116	158
1927	115	170

Production sailing upwards; employees dropping since 1919, with 1927 less than 1924. Between April, 1923, and April, 1928, more than 1,250,000 factory workers were permanently laid off, according to a recent survey of the United States Department of Labor.

There were 150,000 fewer railroad employees in 1928 than in 1923. Automatic electro-pneumatic systems of freight-car control are eliminating switchmen. Eleven men used to operate trains in the New York subways; now, with automatic controls, one motorman and one guard compose the crew. Nickel turnstiles have cut the number of platform men from 1,500 to 470. The Boston and Maine Railroad has a freight-handling mechanism to take care of a million freight cars a year. Switchmen and brakemen are eliminated; one skilled man in a tower directs the process. It saves the labor of at least 400 workers.

It has been determined that 60 percent of a cigar store salesman's motions and speech are purely automatic, calling for no human initiative at all. Why not give the work to a machine? Mechanical salesmen are appearing thick and fast. A department store is being organized which will have no sales persons at all—only the standard packages of national advertising to be delivered by machine.

In the liner "California," three white-garbed firemen, presiding over gauges, replace 120 stokers. There will not be a switchboard girl for local calls in Washington by 1930; the dial system will have superseded every one. Cigar making machines are ruining the cigar makers' union. The "talkies" have alarmed the musicians' union into raising a million-dollar defense fund, but it is safe to predict that most of them will lose their jobs in the next few years. Invention is eliminating labor at an unprecedented rate, and it is the man over forty who is being hit the hardest.

There is a further aspect of technological unemployment which should be mentioned. When Ford changed from model T to model A, he laid off 60,000 men for an indefinite period. The loss of their wages and purchasing power affected adversely 500,000 others in Detroit. Banks were hurt, instalment companies suspended, landlords were busy with evictions, the charity budget went up $600,000. Many of these men are now back after a year of idleness. But the case shows the inherently insecure nature of mass production in a competitive market, and the gigantic upset which occurs when the technological method is improved. Mr. Ford's whole charming philosophy of high wages, short hours, happy workers, the square deal, collapsed with 60,000 of his men upon the streets of Detroit.

The "blotting paper" trades tend to be non-productive. Some perform useful service, many are worse than useless, and serve to keep costs high, limit purchasing power, and choke the free flow of the machine. Furthermore, as nation after nation becomes industrialized, each with a surplus it is eager to export, no permanent relief is to be found in overseas dumping. That market tends to grow ever narrower.

Ethelbert Stewart, a well qualified observer, sees the higher level of unemployment in the spring of 1928 as perhaps "only the beginning of a more or less permanent unemployment, because a growing number of industries are equipped to produce more than consumers have money to buy, together with the supplanting of workers by machines." He cites the shoe factories of the United States, capable of producing 730 million pairs of shoes, of which only 330 million can be annually absorbed—and calls it "typical of many industries." Mr. Horace Taylor is sure that "all evidences point to a steadily increasing technological unemployment," and many careful observers agree with him. There is probably a limit to the absorptive power of even the bootlegging industry—particularly as it becomes standardized and mechanized.

Seven hundred employees in three industrial communities who had lost their jobs were recently studied by Mr. Isidore Lubin of the Institute of Economics. Only 40 percent of those discharged during the twelve months prior to September 1, 1928, had found new work. Of these, one-third had to accept positions in industries entirely different from those where they had previously been employed, and nearly all of this one-third had to take jobs having no relationship to the kind of work they used to do. Twenty-five percent of those who secured new jobs had been out of work for six months or more. . . . This is probably a fair sample of what is now happening in every industrial community.

I am seriously afraid that the park bench is destined to grow longer. The advertisers may be able to stimulate new wants that will take care of some of the displaced men, but who is to stimulate the purchasing power that will absorb the commodities new and old? Only a profound readjustment in the whole financial structure—such a program as contemplated by Messrs. Foster and Catchings—can bring this vicious process to an end.

Let me recapitulate. Machinery saves labor in

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a given process; one man replaces ten. A certain number of these men are needed to build and service the new machine, but some of them are permanently displaced. Now if the articles called for remain the same, and the financial set-up remains the same, sooner or later, half the workers (let us say) in the country can produce what once required the labor of all the workers. The other half are on the park bench. But as an alternative, all can continue to work for half as many hours in the day. Or all can combine to work a full day and produce twice as much. There are thus three possible choices. No one of these clean-cut alternatives has, of course, been taken. The ideal result would be something in the nature of hours reduced a third, and output of sound necessities and comforts increased two-thirds. This would end hard work and poverty forever. Instead, hours have fallen a little, output has increased considerably, but the present financial control neither releases sufficient purchasing power to enlarge output as far as the machine is readily capable of enlarging it unhindered, nor promotes the *kind* of output which necessarily makes for the good life.

If purchasing power has reached its limits of expansion because mechanization is progressing at an unheard-of rate, only accelerating unemployment can result. Meanwhile, the better able we are to produce, the worse off we shall be. Even if the zero hour for acceleration has not yet arrived, the misery of normal unemployment continues unabated.

This is the economy of a mad-house. But it will take a genius to mold these obviously simple mathematical equations into the practical industrial control that will constitute a sane economy. The machine, God knows, is willing enough; but we lack the directing intelligence to make it function.

STUART CHASE.

(Mr. Chase's fourth article, entitled "Leaning Towers," will be published next week.)

Venice

A Bird's-eye View

I

DEAD BEAUTY, and shabby life.

Black-eyed, swarming, begging, rag-slippered life, and dead loveliness poured everywhere thick as cream, thick as rich mellow yellow cream, with flies in it.

A shoemaker squats in a boat opposite the oarsman. The oarsman pushes, bends and straightens up again with a reckless, sturdy gesture about nine centuries old. The shoemaker, hunched over a woman's shoe, is pounding little nails into its high heel.

The railings of the Rialto bridge are fourteen inches wide. The seven inches on the water side are pock-marked, dirty, weather-eaten, rough. The inner inches, next to the stairs, have been worn smooth as greased marble. Youngsters like to sit on them at the top and slide down to the bottom: they have been doing this for four hundred years.

The Piazza is a colored postcard come to life. But postcards lie. They tell us that the scenes they represent are going to seem more like postcards than like their own selves. And, in Venice, they do: the postcards, in this case, did not lie after all. The piazza is a-flutter with pigeons, according to plan, full of gross gray squabs fighting to be fed by enthusiastic gray bipeds with binoculars dangling over their stomachs on shiny leather straps. The Venetians unconsciously walk right through the pigeons, the pigeons unconsciously get out of the Venetians' way. Hawkers are trying to sell postcards of these pigeons that have never been known to refuse food, but they don't succeed.

The franc is twenty-five to the dollar, the lira eighteen: a difference that keeps foreigners from buying. The Italians are trying to whip the lira back to normal, when foreigners will either buy everything or nothing at all. Shop windows display china gondolas, white shawls with red flowers, colored photographs of St. Mark's, green speckled beads, tooled leather cigarette-cases, glass gondolas, yellow shawls with white flowers, mosaics of St. Mark's, toy campaniles, blue and pink mottled beads, pressed leather spectacle cases, silver-plated gondolas with gondolier, black scarves with blue flowers and long fringes, artistic ash-tray views of St. Mark's, purple dappled beads, morocco and gold leather blotters, life-size campaniles and signs announcing a discount of 10 percent to help the lira go up.

Nine thousand fewer tourists came to Venice in May of 1928 than in May of 1927.

At the beginning of the fifteenth century, Venice exported annually goods to the value of twenty million dollars, at an average net profit of 20 percent. More than a thousand patricians had yearly incomes of from forty to a hundred thousand dollars.

Catch the eye of that small boy. Look at him a second more, and he is at your side, with one empty palm held up to you.

II

The Turks in Athens stored their gunpowder on the Acropolis. The Venetians, who were always at war with the Turks, bombarded the Acropolis,

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and blew up the gunpowder, which is why the Parthenon is now so picturesque.

They say that Mussolini is less popular here than elsewhere. The resentment Venice feels towards him is partly the ghost of pride, developed during eleven centuries of independence, while the rest of Italy was the chopping-block of bloody princelets. Also, Il Duce is said to have a plan for connecting the Lido with the mainland by a magnificent motor causeway, omitting Venice. At any rate, the black shirt is not conspicuous here, though its wearers make up in sinister elegance what they lack in numbers. Smart gray breeches—all the rest is black. Wonderful soft black boots, the splendid black shirt, enriched with small gold emblems, the warlike bandolier, the képi, black and rakish, with an equally rakish tassel—and all so delicately ballooning from hip to knee, so neatly pulled in here, so trigly puffed out there that the little fellows, with their pinched waists and sharp noses and their finicky, conquering walk, look like insolent, girlish hornets, proud of a new sting, and aching to use it. They are to be seen chiefly on stated afternoons, in command of several hundred youngsters, thin and bambooish and from fourteen down—for Fascismo is preëminently a boy-scout movement—marching about the four sides of the Piazza behind an excellent band. The first company of boys is well accoutered, but as the youngest and scrawniest tail-end of the procession passes by, the black fades into greens and browns, and just plain nine-year old pants.

In 1797, Napoleon blew out the last flickering flame of the Republic, lighted eleven hundred years before. The winged lion of St. Mark, graceful, humorous, and sublime, has one paw on an open book whereon was formerly carved: *Pax tibi, Marce, evangelista meus.* Napoleon changed the carved letters on the marble book to read: *Droits de l'Homme et du Citoyen.*

Quite a number of civilians can be observed giving each other the Fascist salute: right forearm up, fingers spread; something between the gesture of a man catching a very big ball and that of a waiter holding aloft a tray.

III

A clumsy freighter is turning in the narrow channel and heading out to sea. Now she is pointed toward the pink lace jumble of palaces, churches, houses. They are so low in the water, and so obviously afloat upon it, and she is so menacingly high with her black stack and her broad red band below water-line, that if she isn't careful she will hit Venice and sink all the lovely pink houses.

From the twelfth century on, Venice's commercial galleys were built according to prescribed and uniform dimensions, with interchangeable parts stored at naval service stations along the shores of the Adriatic, the Mediterranean, and the Aegean seas.

In little streets, where people must turn sideways to pass each other, things were once sold that came from India up the Red Sea, overland by camel, through Egypt, and so to Venice in hundred-oared merchant galleys. Through a door in this street, six well marcelled heads may be seen bending over six well oiled typewriters.

Business men are walking down the middle of narrow alleys with portfolios under their arms, with canes, with pearl-gray hats, with one glove half peeled off and inside-out over the knuckles. Their faces are the faces of men who expect nothing, fear nothing and give nothing away. Hard eyes, soft cheeks, small feet; great unblinking, staring eyes; experienced, drooping, indoor cheeks; very small feet in very tight shoes. Domenico Tintoretto painted a confraternity of merchants, a Chamber of Commerce, four hundred years ago, kneeling in black robes. Their robust, acquisitive, stare-eyed faces are the same as the faces of the business men with portfolios and canes.

One of the houses in the Campo Morosini has something fastened to its wall. A small bronze object, rather like a wheel, and the spokes of a wheel. A small curve of sunken letters on it says, "Rotary International."

IV

But with a slight effort you begin to see through the postcard curtain. Show yourself ever so little hospitable, and St. Mark's drops its ancient roots into your mind; the old fantastic cave of plunder and fairyland makes you its friend. And, after a while, you feel only the tenderness of discovery towards the awkward, plaintive mosaics, the great shadows, the high tunnel leading to transverse light, the dim angels upside down, the old women each in her praying chair apart, waiting, waiting for nothing, and staring at you.

From this table on the edge of the canal, your hand can touch the boy asleep among the empty barrels in the boat alongside. From here is best seen, a thousand times repeated, that leaning triumphant gesture that sends the boat forward and the oar back, the gesture that moves coal barges, and shells, and Noah's arks piled with sand, and shiny gondolas, and little skiffs filled with men and women and lively music from guitars.

The noonlight is blinding, cruel, shadowless, modern. The last light is Venice's resurrection, when she burns softly as from within; the last level rays, which kindle pink and ocher flames, and bring a toy-like glow to the low line of palaces and little campaniles, to the fragile shore of stone and steeple afloat on the darkening sea.

In a shop window, ready-made suits on male lay-figures with china faces. Not forced, grimacing puppets, but the faces of the men in the street. Among the china faces a fat man cheerfully grinning, in a gray flannel suit and trousers about two yards around the waist. In the evening you pass by again: the fat man is now wearing a dinner coat.

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V

Verrocchio's Colleoni defies the hot little *campo* as if these sun-smitten walls hid the armies of all the enemies he was hired to destroy. The hot white *campo* is packed with people, elbowing, laughing, slowly eddying. The small bridge bears an arch of eager faces. Colleoni's shoulder is raised, Colleoni's armored legs stride his horse, with noble brutality and pride. Ten paces away from him a long lean pole has been set up. The crowd has come here not, like us, to see the "finest equestrian statue in Europe," but to watch teams of boys shinny up the greased pole for a prize.

In the parlor of the Signorina who runs the *pension,* English and American ladies are waiting to talk to her. They are waiting to ask her how much she will take off if they dine out, whether their sister who arrives next week can have a room overlooking the canal, why the laundry has not come back, what time the trains leave for Padua, and if she will not please do something about the sofa, which smells so dreadfully musty.

In the chief street of the Old Ghetto, ten feet wide, is an ancient tablet threatening converted Jews who revisit these purlieus with prison, hanging, pillory, galleys, or the berlina.

Moving picture advertisements announce Charlie Chaplin in "Una Vita di Cane."

VI

The half-hundred churches, each with its darkened Bellini, its candle-hidden Palma Vecchio, its Cima da Conegliano masked by an altar of twisted gilt and candles and crosses, its equestrian sepulchers high on the wall, its faint lettered gravestones, its smell of peace and old wood, its handful of women kneeling or resting, its occasional flutter of Latin syllables and genuflexions. Across the street, in a small room full of barrels and bottles, is the answer, with loud discussion over a glass, to the question, Why is the church haunted by women only?

The Accademia is hot and empty; on one wall is Veronese. The meeting point of life and grand opera. Magnificent but reiterated emphasis. Every figure is doing something, every head is turned, bowed, or raised, vigorously, full-bloodedly, but just a little too much. A uniformed guide, following slowly, has now caught up. "Veronese," he says. You dodge past him to the Carpaccios. Pages out of a child's dream. Those miraculous backgrounds, tireless processions; and the little animals, here, there, everywhere, done with such affectionate inaccuracy . . . the guide has caught up once more. "St. Ursula," he says, and again, "St. Ursula."

This quiet rim of the town to the north, looking toward lost islands and caravans of telegraph poles rising through the layer of blue water. That deserted amphibian rampart, stone in water and water against stone, facing the confusion of cloud and mountains. A descending sun and a gentle wind stripe the darkening water, trees flash white in wet gardens, the rumor of streets comes from far away and low along the water, and with it the sweet hammering of distant bells.

VII

The portraits of the Doges show grand old fellows with proud names to match their patrician beards—Dandolo, Mocenigo, Contarini, Cigogna, Steno and Falier. Among these obstinate lions the face of Loredano stands out, ascetic, prince, and hawk.

As you walk along the arcades of the Piazza, past dozens of empty round tables, the waiters lean forward, push out chairs, put out their hands, almost beckon you into Please having a drink at their café.

On the bleached wall of an old church, peppered and scored and sad with centuries, posters have been pasted sideways, ordering the passerby Not To Blaspheme, and inviting him to join in the cry of Long Live Jesus, Long Live Mary.

Hesitate but a moment before a window displaying expensive trinkets, and a shadow comes to the door. Stand a moment longer, and the shadow, all smiles and broken English, wants to sell you something. Won't you come in and see our lovely things? The franc is four cents, the lira six.

Lost among the Venetians, you drift in their lazy current on the quays. Lost, you thought. A white blouse spots you, knowing you, tourist that you are, among a million, and hurls the hungry cry down the back of your neck. "Gondola! Take a nice little ride." And again, as you edge away, "Gondolagondolagondola."

VIII

The pile-pierced soil of Venice, with its pink crust of buildings, is sinking at the rate of four inches per century. There are as many centuries still to come as lie behind.

Voices, voices. The water keeps them a moment and sends them up to you with an overtone of splash, a hint of liquid echo. The gondoliers at the crossings hurl at each other harmless fury, softened by the canal. In the little streets voices rattle and rebound like stones. Sharp, angry voices. You think there is going to be a fight. Then the voices suddenly laugh and are silent and go away.

Voices singing bits of "Giovanezza," of "Valencia," singing suddenly, throatily, cheerfully, absent-mindedly, like people singing to themselves in a bathroom.

A quarter of an hour before lunch, in the *pension,* neat little cones of white cloth stand on the plates. Beside them lie the napkin rings, hollow and alone. Clean napkins today, clean napkins once a week. The dark-faced waitresses are leaning out of the window watching an American girl as she sits

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in the garden picking out, to the low metallic moans of a guitar, stray bits of Hawaiian tunes.

IX

A hundred and fifty years ago it was carnival time in Venice for six months of the year. Small children wore masks all day long, and servants went to market in masks and dominoes.

Butlers watering flowers on the balconies of old palaces. Dinner coats and long cigarette holders and rich, lonely old ladies gliding in gondolas with red and white striped oars. The white flannel and late breakfasts and cool drinks and snatches of sight-seeing of those who have run away from life or outstayed their leave in it. The laborious trudging, and turning of guide-book pages, and looking up and reading again and looking up and not finding, and going on to the next, of those who with circular tickets will try to see Venice in three days—and succeed. The slow, staring progress of young men about town. The sudden beggar. The loud beseeching gondolier. The livers on small incomes in small corners of dark palaces, soothed amid old pictures, old books, old lovely bits of cloth. Lean luxury, splendid disintegration, dapper decay. And slate-colored water eating away the great staircases down into the canal.

Fifteenth-century Venice was a city of a hundred and eighty thousand souls, including twelve thousand courtesans of high or low degree.

The old man is shuffling quickly, almost running, with his eyes toward the ground. His round back is the color of a lame horse, his feet are hidden in the bastards of a slipper and an old shoe. Once in a while he stoops, picks something up and puts it into his pocket, which before evening will be quite full of cigarette butts.

X

The band is playing something from "Boris Godunov." The cafés are speckled with white faces, barely gleaming under the velvet sky. The crowds walk around the band, staring, talking, in two concentric, curious streams. The sky is soft and dark, with vague white branches of cloud. The air lulls, the band is hardly heard; soon the arcades and St. Mark's and the Campanile will be hoisted up into the air like a painted set.

It isn't possible. There is no such place—this is all a clever magician's trick. There's too much of it anyway. Everywhere, round every watery corner, the rich disorder of loveliness. A tray, a pile, a quarry of precious stones. One jewel like this little canal, for instance, in another city, and you would treasure it. Here, the eye is quickly gorged. The human eye can soon get used to anything, even to five square miles of solid enchantment. The beauty is stone and water and light, which do not speak out loud. Everywhere noisy life distracts from the dead beauty. The waves lick at the foundations of palaces and eat them away. But people work upon them subtler destruction. From the contemplation of old walls, famous doorways, subtle curving, the eye strays down and ceaselessly down again to the pock-marked beggar woman, to the gay, unshaven ruffians, to the monocle in the officer's eye.

The gondola slips through the quiet, small canal. Under the arch of little bridges, the gondolier bows his head sideways. Around the sudden corners the gondola turns liquidly, and does not scrape. The ancient warning cry, the inarticulate double note with which people in other places call to animals, lives for a second more in the boxed air between walls and water. Knee-deep in the slate-colored water a mouldy palace, with lions' heads and balconies and Moorish arches and telephone wires. And opposite a secret garden, and above, a bright patch of blue; and behind, more palaces and gardens and undershirts hung out to dry and the house which once was Marco Polo's. A low cry, ancient wordless warning, and another turn.

ROBERT LITTELL.

Washington Notes

THE transition from inertia to action in the directing head of the government of the United States cannot be made without upsetting a considerable number of persons directly and indirectly connected therewith. Accordingly, the perturbation prevailing in various departments at this time is entirely natural. More than that, it is completely justified. For eight years, in most of them there has not been a single new notion or impulse. Under Mr. Coolidge we had, from time to time, a number of perfectly perfunctory recommendations along legislative lines and a consistent harping upon the economy note, the curious result of which was to give Mr. Coolidge a splendid and impregnable reputation for government thrift, while the expenses of all departments, including the executive, mounted steadily and consistently during his incumbency. No more extraordinary triumph of propaganda and bluff over the facts can be recalled in our history. But the day of that sort of thing, for the next four years, at least, has passed. We now have in the White House what has been called the "coördinating mind," something, I am told, which is peculiarly prevalent among engineers and, so far as the records show, not possessed by any of the other thirty gentlemen who have held the presidency. The overwhelming bent of the "coördinating mind" of the engineer in public office is to consolidate, merge, standardize and drive.

I am revealing no secret when I state that the coordinating mind of the engineer whom we now have for President is just packed to the brim with consolidation and standardization ideas concerning the departments over which he now has sway, and upon which he has gazed for eight years with a green and covetous eye. That he has ideas about all these departments involving more or less radical changes there is not the least shadow of doubt, but some of the fair-haired boys who have talked with him on the subject tell me that the two departments in which he proposes to operate first are those of Labor and

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War. He thinks, I am told, that not a great deal can be done with the Post Office Department, that it is, in fact, a pretty well built machine with an essential political flavor, and that any attempt to reorganize it along solid business lines would be futile. War and Labor, however, offer interesting and fertile fields for a start, and there seems sound ground for believing the start will be made within a short time. How good are the changes the coördinating mind proposes to make in these two departments, how far he will get with them, or what they are, I am unable to state. The fact that they are in contemplation, however, has percolated around pretty generally and caused the aforesaid perturbation all up and down the line. A not uninteresting feature of the contemplated reorganization is the ascertained fact that, up to the present writing at least, the two men who know least about what they are and when they will take place are the Messrs. Good and Davis, heads respectively of the War and Labor Departments. However, in their cases, it is not necessary to tell them. All that is required is to inform them what they are expected to do about carrying the changes out. Of the ten members of the new Cabinet, they are the two who most accurately fit the description of "yes-men."

As to the rest of the Cabinet, it is but just to say that they appear to be competent men who will go along with the Chief Engineer. It is also just to say that they do not appear to have been chosen on a personal basis. For example, neither Stimson, Lamont nor Mitchell, who fill the three most vital posts, has ever had any personal "tie-in" with Mr. Hoover. Not even in the case of Ray Lyman Wilbur was friendship the controlling motive in cabinet selection. The Hoover desire was to have in the Cabinet an educator and a physician. Ray Lyman is both of these, and would, I think, have been asked in had he been merely a casual Hoover acquaintance. As a matter of fact, while Mr. Hoover has for years been on the Stanford University Board of Trustees, I am credibly informed that the idea that there has existed between him and Dr. Wilbur anything like warm intimacy is not well founded. They are not at all the same type. Dr. Wilbur is a self-contained man, not given to flying off on tangents. And he is, I may say, not only a physician, but a physician of recognized professional standing and reputation, a former president of the American Medical Association. He will help give that "rounded point of view" which, I am informed, was the chief aim of Mr. Hoover in the framing of his Cabinet. It is, however, a mistake to regard him as a "living ball of fire," which is the modest way some of his enthusiastic California admirers have described him. And it is equally a mistake to consider that he will be the member of the Cabinet who will be "personally close" to the Chief.

The truth is that there is in the Cabinet no "particular friend," and there is outside of the Cabinet no "special adviser," no confidant and counsellor. There is in sight, so far, in the Hoover administration, neither a Colonel House nor a Dwight Morrow. There is not even a Papa Stearns. Beyond doubt, our dear old friend, Dr. J. Hubert Work, had an idea that he might play for Mr. Hoover a part combining the best features of all three of these illustrious figures of former administrations. Perhaps he still cherishes some such idea, but it is pathetically true that no one else does. It has become very plain to the most casual observer that, while the good Doctor will be kindly treated by Mr. Hoover because of the very real value of his services in the early part of the pre-convention campaign and his undoubted loyalty from the start, his influence with the Executive politically or any other way is far more imaginary than real. An increasing number of politicians are becoming aware of this fact. It was, the "newspaper boys" tell me, made so plain at Miami it could not be mistaken. Mr. Hoover has for the Doctor a kindly feeling born of the fact that he was the first member of the Coolidge Cabinet to declare openly for him, doing so at a time when the declaration was of the greatest possible help. But he does not ask the Doctor for advice, and he does not take the Doctor's advice when it is offered. The real politician of this administration is the Secretary of War, not the Chairman of the National Committee. That is clear enough.

To return to the subject of "particular friends" of the new President, it still remains the most curious fact about the whole cabinet set-up that the one man considered from the start most certain to be in the Cabinet, and certainly more of a personal friend to the President than any other man in Washington, should have been left out entirely. I speak, of course, of the gallant Donovan, unfortunate victim of misplaced confidence, who is, I hear, just about to return to Washington after a long, sad stay out in New Mexico, or Arizona, or some such place, whither he went to represent either Coolidge or Hoover or both on some Boulder Dam or Rio Grande affair. What they did to the gallant William here in Washington while he was out West "doing his duty" is a matter of past political history, too tragic as well as too stale to dwell upon here. It is enough to say that, as a cabinet candidate, poor Bill was sunk, far offshore and completely, to the grief and pain of his multitudinous and enthusiastic journalistic managers and the equally intense gratification of his hypocritical political comrades, colleagues and friends from the great state of New York and elsewhere, who had played him false from the jump.

These, after first despatching messages full of tearful regret to Bill, gave vent to unrestrained, not to say indecent, rejoicing, in which they were joined by their Washington friends, male and female. It was a tough break for Bill. The full story has not been told, and probably will not, though, to be frank, there really is nothing either secret or sinister about it so far as either Bill or the President is concerned. There was, however, a lot of pretty effective under-cutting. Some of his hardest knocks came from those whom the Colonel thought his most ardent advocates. However, a fellow like Bill has a good many political lives. In this connection it is not uninteresting to be told by those close to Herbert that he has by no means given up hope that Donovan will in the end accept the governorship of the Philippines, that renewed pressure will be brought to bear on Bill when he returns here, that the thought of Bill continues to weigh heavily on the Hoover mind.

T. R. B.

Washington.

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H——'s Predicament

H—— OWNS a good deal of theater stock and genuinely loves the theater. He likes to go night after night, is present at countless openings, and sees a piece now and then five or six times. He has, moreover, a flair for the theater, and likes it good, has a nose for acting, and a devotion to drama, in the form of which, as a matter of fact, he takes his literature. He went to college, a generation ago, just as drama courses got under way, when their professors were young and hoping to produce and write plays themselves, and when the young men entering the course were fresh with belief; they had dreams of writing great plays, problems adolescent, if you like, but rich and vast, straining their young wings toward flight and prophecy and import, as well as dreams of making hits on Broadway and rivers of money.

All this is true of H——, but at the same time, he has absorbed the world around him, and thinks we will have no highbrow stuff. We must give the public what it wants, deciding what it wants as we go, even if time shows that the public wants no such thing. In his world H—— asks that a play should run for months and months, after having an expensive production to make it roar at the start, should get into the papers and be bought out by the agencies. He wants the house itself to make money—in theater property he had made a big investment—the actors to make record runs, the play to be sold to the movies as a crown to its success, for H—— worships successful plays and players like a matinée girl, or the buyers from the towns. When he puts up any money toward a play that turns out a failure, or has such a play in any theater where he owns stock, he is ashamed, like a little boy, and mentions it as seldom as possible. Indeed, H—— has come to the point where he thinks you are a fool to try crazy things that people won't go to see, though, of course, as he admits, that fellow Eugene O'Neill puts it over with something like "Strange Interlude" now and then. In sum, H—— has reached the professional Broadway pinnacle—the belief that you are a nut not to play the game.

Well, then, H—— sees now what has happened in the theater with us. Last season was bewailed as dull enough. For a while people said that every year we made the same cry, before they gave up and cursed the flatness of the day. It was all discouraging, until the ballyhooing arose about the next season, to begin in the autumn, 1928. But that in its turn was soon dead, almost before it began the moans were raised and hopes fell with the October leaves in Central Park, toward which the theater district slowly moves.

This year there have been various ventures, in sentimental pieces, dirty plays, imitations from abroad, importations, foreign visitors—often a paying venture in the past, with Duse and the Moscow Art Theater and the first "Chauve Souris"—but most of it all has gone poorly, with a few worth-while successes like "Holiday," because of its Philip Barry world and its Hope Williams, and "Caprice" because of Mr. Lunt and Miss Fontanne, "The Front Page," if you like, with its patent rough stuff, and for prestige, some passages in "Wings Over Europe"—both these last under the protection of the Theater Guild. There has been some stir about "Street Scene," not deeply deserved, I think, and a few musical successes here and there, not many of them very violent successes even as box-office. But on the whole, everybody has encountered a failure of a season, and an oppression in the air about the theater business, in which so much money is tied up. Even the revues are rather breathed out, their devotees threaten to like the movietone. H——, in fact, sees his theater world frightened at the movietone—horrible as that hooting invention is, so far—as they were once frightened at the movies. He has seen his friends fall into apprehension and despair, and at last has watched them seizing on the single artist idea. They have noted Miss Ruth Draper's brilliant success, and say to themselves, now that's the idea, put a personality into your theater, one artist, and thus have single-handed entertainments grown apace. But it is all sadly flat, and, with that big theater plant, so to speak, on your hands, what is to be done?

As for me looking at his puzzled eyes, full of natural intelligence, but empty now, active and sharp, but promiscuous and without conviction or any essential point of view, as for me, what I should like to say to H—— is that I'm delighted at all this that so confounds him and his friends. I am glad there is a chance of all this low theater game's coming a cropper. I think it a fine thing, and only hope they'll hit bottom so hard and be so rotten that they will be forced to do something about it or else give up. Let them give up, even, since they have nothing they really want to say, nothing to fight for beyond mere competition, venture and success; the theater is a deathless instinct among human beings and would begin again.

Relics of buried Drama League spouses, still sweetly hopeful, may have here the right question—are there not plenty of good plays if we really wanted to find them? Or if not, would not these good plays be written if there were a real demand? No, I doubt it very much—deathbed repentances are endorsed only with relation to another world than ours. Two if's—if the dramatists had been asked to give us themselves and their visions and philosophies of life, instead of playing the game so hard, like bright little Americans, enough labor might by now have gone to high dramatic writing to produce something. But you cannot—being sure of yourself as the biggest nation in the world—for a generation lead the best talent toward the smart-eyed professional, with advertised rewards, and at the same time expect great depths of drama to be written and laid away in drawers, ready for the millennium when poor business drives you to it—organs unused shrink, the most reserved of high-school physiologies reveal that of the animal kingdom. And, for the second "if," if our drama had been bound to life profoundly, close to it, as Molière's drama was, Shakespeare's, Lope de Vega's, the Italian *commedia dell' arte,* or Ibsen's, even, in his parochial way, why then, the stress and depth of life desired, at any time, might find dramatic expression. But only the more vivacious side of our American life has been to any extent expressed in our theater, and this has been channelled and forced as time went on to a liveliness that strikes foreigners with its edge and glitter, but that is as often sold out as it is discovered, betrayed as fast almost as it leaps up. Its tricks begin to show their wheels and its fickle public to grow bored and oblivious and to desert to the movies, movietones and vaudeville programs.

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H—— and his sort are being paid up for their game. I am wondering if I could explain to him that the trouble is that while you can buy a new model of an automobile every year, and take a more dazzling rent on your shoulders, and rush more and succeed more—may be, indeed, so successful that nobody even tries to find out what it is you are successful about—and while you may be empty, optimistic, active and naïve, taking your opinions from newspaper headlines, and so on, art is rather a different matter. A young man coming out of college, where he has studied somewhat, perhaps read the poets or the philosophers, or at least Bernard Shaw, and talked strong things with his friends as to the nature and future of the world, may go into a business and a society that hurries him away from himself, but the change comes slowly after all, his emptiness becomes apparent even to himself only as time goes on, and by the time it is complete he will no longer be very clear as to what it is that has made him so innocent and stale. But the theater in its way is art after all, and it happens that the actors, in order to express themselves, need something beside naïve and active emptiness and competition and imitation. Whatever their notions and habits may be, they have souls to give voice to, or at least echoes of souls. Designers need something besides the same old prose seven and six to make settings for, and so we see Mr. Norman-Bel Geddes and Mr. Robert Edmond Jones, two really fine talents in the modern theater, turning part of their time into automobile designs, fabrics, sleeping cars. Art shows the emptiness up, and in the end kills the very game it was forced to play.

Or is the theater representative of our life, and of life everywhere theaters flourish, and near to life—a nearness that might be its greatest asset—and is this showing up of such emptiness and drouth in the theater sooner than elsewhere only a matter of speed? I mean, Is our American life, for all its trumpetings, headed for this same crash and débâcle that we see on Broadway? Is the theater prophetic and is it only a question of time?

If I said some of this to H—— he would look at me and say, well, what of it? and wait for the Sunday paper to see how the shows are coming on.

STARK YOUNG.

On Judging Art

MR WALTER PACH'S recent book, "Ananias, or the False Artist" (Harper and Brothers; $4), has resulted in many small private controversies, and in one or two public ones. For love of a fight I have been on the point of joining the fray more than once, but I find myself laboring under a handicap; for I listened to many passages in Mr. Pach's book while he was in the midst of writing it, and all his wicked sallies are intermingled for me, somehow, with the memory of a country lane, warmly pungent with the smell of new-mown hay or wild mint, along which I would beguile the author of "Ananias" when my own morning's work was finished. When I look at the cold pages of "Ananias," I remember the blue of the sky and the chicory; and I find it hard to believe that the words I first heard in such an idyllic setting can awaken, except in the craven heart of Ananias himself, any rancor or dissidence or ill-feeling.

My incredulity may, of course, be only a desire to protect myself: if there are any solecisms in Mr. Pach's work, I must have failed either in criticism or in friendship not to have pointed them out before the words had been poured into the mold and hardened into a book. So deep and dangerous is this connivance, that I must forbear to review "Ananias"; and my only recourse is to review Mr. Lee Simonson's review of it, and so dispose of one or two general questions, raised by the book itself, but of wider pertinence.

In a recent number of Creative Art, Mr. Simonson took Mr. Pach to task for all sorts of misdemeanors, including that of being a prig, setting himself up to be better than his fellows, and of announcing very certain judgments on works of art without giving any extra, or, as it were, diagrammatic proof of their correctness. As for the matter of being a prig, one may, I think, put this aside at once; for, as Samuel Butler said, in so far as one writes at all one is damned. Everyone who believes that poetry is more important than push-pins is a prig from the standpoint of the push-pin enthusiast: but, down to our own humble and deflated generation, no person sufficiently cultivated to offer a judgment has been seriously troubled by the push-pin standard, or has thought it worth while to prove that poetry provides an intenser delight to the spirit than more vulgar games do. Let priggishness become a little more universal and the sting will be gone!

Mr. Simonson's irritation because he cannot come to the source of Mr. Pach's criteria of good art is another question. "A canvas by Frieseke of a woman at her toilet table is jeered at as a corset ad," says Mr. Simonson. "But Dégas made masterpieces of similar women in corsets." I would not make the obvious answer here, that Frieseke's woman reminds one of the manufacturer and the advertising artist and the image of one's mother in the nineties, while Dégas closes the mind to these banal associations and recalls the figures of classic art: for the question still remains, by what means does Mr. Pach or anyone else separate the false from the true, the meretricious from the genuine, art itself from the products of Ananias? The search for such a canon has gone on for many years; and to say nothing of the works of the psychologists and the esthetic philosophers like Croce, only recently a succession of books have attempted to analyze the formal contents of pictures: one thinks at once of treatises by Mr. Lawrence Buermeyer, Mr. Albert Barnes, Mr. Leo Stein, and Mr. Ralph Pearson.

Mr. Pach, alas! calls to his aid none of these props or measuring-sticks. A painter, a critic, and one of the most thorough scholars in America, he cheerfully pronounces a hundred judgments upon the art of the last century without bringing in a formal bill of criticism. "You cannot prove that a Greek vase is right in its outline, its division of parts, and its decoration," he says, "but you *know* it is right." This sort of statement seems to make Mr. Simonson furious; and yet I am unable to see why it should have this effect. One's judgment of a picture is such a complex matter that one can safely treat the various formal tags of modern criticism, line, organization, volume, arabesque, relationship of planes, as of little

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more final worth than the moral tags of an older generation: nobility, the grand manner, edifying style, idealism; both being so many efforts to rationalize one's intuition. At best, they help to form a final judgment: but they do not justify it.

What, then, does substantiate the judgment of a work of art? The answer is a slightly disheartening one to those who would rely upon books and rules and applicable formulas; for the ultimate instrument for measuring a work of art is a man and his whole experience. If a critic has seen thousands of pictures and studied them over and over again; if he has experienced the esthetic moment directly, as it occurs in life, when a man's hand or a group of buildings or a cliff or a woman's body isolates itself from its practical associations and establishes some more immediate and direct relationship with one's inner experience; if the critic has observed and pondered and made love and experienced joy and sorrow, there will come a time when he will be able to declare, with a certain exactitude and confidence: This is good and that is bad: this is mediocre or the other is astounding. He cannot prove that his verdict is correct; there is, indeed, no final proof for any other observer except that induced by his sympathy and his confidence in the man. Lacking that, a mountain of formal demonstration would not convince a mouse.

Once I heard a person who was rather new to art, particularly to modern paintings, sigh for a mechanical contrivance which one could place in front of a picture, so that it would automatically register its esthetic value on a scale; and at the universities there are psychologists so ill-educated or so innocent as to hope of achieving some such scale, if not actually embodying it in machine. Because of the nature of art, however, one may say dogmatically that such a device is quite as impossible as a perpetual motion contrivance or a formula for squaring the circle; or rather, the only instrument that can do this successfully cannot be put together in the laboratory—for it is nothing less than a rich and well developed human personality. In the long run, all judgments of value are established by a succession of such personalities, and in spite of local and temporal bias, they tend to form a consensus. The standard is not, of course, "absolute" in the sense that it is registered in heaven for all time; but it varies in slow movement and cycles. El Greco may drop out for a while or Raphael may be over-valued; but in the end a steady process of canonization goes on.

If one had to wait for an adequate esthetic theory before this selection could take place, one would be in a pretty pickle indeed. But just as races evolve complex grammatical forms without an analytical knowledge of grammar, so we have made imposing esthetic judgments, and true ones, without the formal aid of analysis. Not that such analysis is useless; far from it; if anyone wishes to be convinced of its value he need only look at Cézanne again after having made a careful study of Roger Fry's analysis of his art; but the use of such formalities is instrumental and preparatory. And after all, since a painting is a product of life and personality, there are a multitude of elements in it which stubbornly resist "reduction." The critic's intuition is a total judgment—one personality reacting as a whole to another personality. If he chooses to leave out his reasons, as Mr. Pach does in his attack on "Ananias," that is not necessarily either priggery or ineptitude. As for his "Ananias," it seems to me to have cleared the air of our galleries, even if it has added to the litter in their cellars and storerooms; and I think he has performed a public service not less courageous than valuable.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

CORRESPONDENCE

Hoover's New Pattern

SIR: It seems, to one living in a Quaker community, that The New Republic fails to grasp Herbert Hoover as a new social pattern-maker. American life is dominated by the "will-to-power" men. What would happen if we used reason instead of will? . . . For the application of intelligence to social problems, President Hoover is the best prepared man in America. Intelligence functions most certainly when carefully guided through discussion groups. Interesting to record, Herbert Hoover has been reared in what Friends call a "Meeting" where discussion may be found to function at its best. Anyone who has or believes he has something important to add to the thought of the occasion may rise in a Friends' Meeting and say what he has to say. Should he prove to have nothing to say, should he prove to be a crank, or a radical too far ahead of his time, the brethren will "wait upon him at his home and labor with him" until he finds his proper place. But the important thing to bear in mind is that in Herbert Hoover's branch of the Friends, thought is free and there is abundant opportunity for the full expression of thought.

By occupation, Herbert Hoover was one who had to be master of discussion groups. The engineer cannot will that ores shall come from the bowels of the earth. He cannot will that structures shall stand up. He cannot will that metals shall go together to make the alloys he wants. What the engineer can do is to study his materials. He can understand the principles and the laws of the materials he is working with. Knowing these, he may set men to work to apply them in mining, construction work or manufacturing. This takes all the bluff and the bully out of an engineer. An engineer cannot be a "will-to-power" man; he must be one who applies intelligence and he soon learns that he is greatly helped by the use of discussion groups. President Hoover is Herbert Hoover at his best when, in his inaugural address, he says, "I propose to appoint a national commission for a searching investigation." There is your Friend and engineer functioning naturally, and probably unconscious of his method.

Why not use this same method for applying intelligence to other social problems? How can we organize health so that it will add "infinitely more in reduction of suffering and promotion of human happiness"? James Harvey Robinson and others would say, apply intelligence; but as Bernard Shaw says, "Men fear thought as they fear nothing else on earth." To apply intelligence to the solution of our social problems will soon draw fire from leaders in industry, politics, and religion in America. All of these are dominated by "will-to-power" people who do not understand the Friend and engineer's method of using discussion groups to arrive at patterns for social adjustments.

What is important in America is that the newspaper men shall understand President Hoover and be willing to give his new social pattern a fair trial. Certainly we are justified in saying that, up to this time, the newspaper men have not grasped the meaning or the method of President Hoover. Newspaper men do not find enough of the dramatic. What President Hoover is doing does not make thrilling copy, but it may make efficient government for a happy, progressive people. This is the only chance intelligence has had.

ARTHUR D. CROMWELL.

West Chester, Pa.

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A Russian Travel Film

SIR: Your New York readers may wish to know that on Thursday evening, March 14, at 8:30 P.M. at the Engineering Auditorium, 29 West Thirty-ninth Street, the American Society for Cultural Relations with Russia is having the first and probably only public showing of a remarkable Russian travel film of industrial and social significance. This film was just taken by Charles E. Stuart, consulting American engineer to the Russian government for the Don Basin Mines, in a 10,000-mile trip down the Volga through the Caucasus, the Crimea and the Ukraine. Admission, 75 cents to $2.

LUCY BRANHAM,
Secretary, the American Society for Cultural Relations with Russia.

New York City.

Who Should Go to College?

SIR: I am sorry to see both Dr. Meiklejohn and Dean McConn widening unduly, it seems to me, the breach that lies between them. Is it not possible to reconcile somewhat the conclusions of these two experienced observers of liberal education in America? I think so. Indeed, the controversial spirit put aside, I find myself much in agreement with both of them.

I am prepared to accept Dean McConn's book as a pretty accurate diagnosis of the present situation in our colleges and his recommendations as perhaps as wise as any that could be made if our present academic communities are not to receive a more fundamental shaking-up, a far-reaching change of heart as well as of academic method. This may not be possible amid our present academic conservatism, but, like Dr. Meiklejohn, I am willing, spurred on by a repugnance for Dean McConn's otherwise inescapable "superkindergartner" alternative, to strive toward it. But even under the new regime of higher liberal education, I would preserve Dean McConn's essential idea of separating the better from the average students, and thus avoid the cardinal American stupidity of standardization under the false banner of democracy.

I am prepared, then, to share in Dr. Meiklejohn's ideal of the more liberal educability of a higher percentage of American youth under other and better collegiate devices and a more provocative academic spirit. For at least some hint of what these devices are, and how this spirit is to be evoked, we shall look to the findings of the Experimental College at Wisconsin. Meanwhile, I presume to offer one suggestion, an old one, but worth repeating at this juncture. When will American college authorities learn to recognize *teaching ability,* rather than the production of learned monographs, as the essential quality in a *teacher*? The present emphasis on research as the basis of advancement not only produces much barren research, but almost invites the teacher to give his second-best efforts to his students. The men who have the personality, as well as the scholarship, to stir up youth intellectually and to win its respect and interest, if not its love, for things of the mind over the externals of college life, are not encouraged to devote their major energies to this end.

But, I repeat, Dr. Meiklejohn's new regime, when it comes, will need Dean McConn's idea of the segregation of the more able and ambitious from the less, from the average. In a transition period especially, when we are reaching out toward a more democratic hope for liberal education, the small percentage of potential scholars, of whose responsiveness to liberal education there can be no doubt, whether one-half of 1 percent or more, must not be forgotten. Dr. Meiklejohn is so engrossed in the worthy task of enlarging the intelligent electorate that he seems to forget that we must also, if we can, provide super-intelligent rulers. The "honors idea" will enable us, while retaining our democratic ideal of a college education for all that want it, to build up an aristocracy of intellect and so escape the curse of mediocrity and standardization that so obviously besets us. Not even the coming of the newer day can eliminate this need; and in the experimental phase it is especially important. Moreover, the ushering in of a more effective education will depend, as much as upon any other factor, upon the training of a more effective type of teacher. And he, surely, will be the product, not of our present (or future!) "run-of-the-mines" education, but of a freer, fuller, and more specialized training.

Recently I had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Meiklejohn sketch his "Experiment in Liberal Education." To my surprise I discovered that every point in his experiment has been tried for some years, and found successful, in both of the older universities of England. Living conditions, tutorial system, minimizing of lectures, and other methods, all are pure Oxford and Cambridge. Even the curriculum, the content of the two-year course of study, might be roughly described as a year of compressed "Greats" followed by a year of compressed "Modern Greats." But this borrowing from England (whence comes also Dean McConn's idea of separating the "Scholars" from the "Gentlemen") does not mean that Dr. Meiklejohn's undertaking is any less an experiment. The experiment consists in discovering whether these imported ideas can be profitably applied to average American college youth. Perhaps this is experiment enough. . . .

ARTHUR KYLE DAVIS, JR.

New Haven, Conn.

The Status of Behaviorism

SIR: In his recently published "Conditioned Reflexes" Pavlov remarks, "Up to the present, however, there has been one essential point of difference between the American School and ourselves. Being psychologists, their mode of experimentation, in spite of the fact that they are studying these activities on their external aspect, is mostly psychological—at any rate so far as the arrangement of problems and their analysis and the formulation of results are concerned. Therefore—with the exception of a small group of 'behaviorists'—their work cannot be regarded as purely physiological in character." Robinson notes, "So far as the run of psychologists is concerned, the behavioristic controversy is an interesting bit of history which, like all other tempestuous experiences, has left its mark."

Are we to believe, with Pavlov, that Behaviorism has not arrived, or, with Robinson, that it is practically extinct except, as he admits, with the "intellectually ambitious"? I do not believe that either viewpoint is correct. An examination of current psychological journals is enough to convince us that, however true Pavlov's estimate may have been when he wrote, it no longer gives a fair appraisal of the most active and productive section in the psychological field.

The supercilious tone of Professor Robinson's article prompts a retort in kind. Like those poor souls he commiserates, who love long words and crucial experiments, but who feel that the business is quite beyond them, perhaps Professor Robinson has reacted to certain incidental and superficial aspects of Behaviorism. It is true that these have been more thoroughly advertised than the more difficult and basic contributions to psychological theory. But Professor Robinson is a psychologist. Surely he has done more than read the advertisements.

And is it not a mistake to entitle his article Behaviorist, when it is a discussion of Watson? Or is it true that there is but one Behaviorist? I suggest that The New Republic poll the American Psychological Association.

Oberlin, O. L. E. COLE.

An Embittered Farmer Speaks

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urbans, with the help of the invisible government—unnatural and unclean—make it impossible to revive equality between the urbans and the farmers in the Corn Belt. The Shelby articles were printed for the sole purpose to discourage any attempt by Mr. Hoover to equalize prosperity. Your attitude is cowardice or indifference—both are vicious. The suicide of some 1,800 farmers in despair over insolvency; the wrecking of tens of thousands of happy rural homes by overt acts of an industrial government, does not make you shed one editorial tear. Your farmer readers have not the consolation of poetic justice from your faith, hope and charity columns. Our cup of sorrow runneth over.

Montour, Ia. A. J. BANKS.

Forced Communism for Farmers

SIR: The story of Farm Relief as told by Mrs. Shelby is one that has been known to the farmers for a great many years, but we were unable to show the proof. William Bonck, State Master of the Grange in Washington during the War, told that story up and down the state, and was promptly thrown out on his ear by National Master Lowell, as unpatriotic, Bolshevist, and I don't know what else. Mr. Lowell, for his good work in suppressing a contemptible economic heretic, was rewarded by President Coolidge with an appointment to the Tariff Commission.

The basic trouble with the farm question is really a double standard of economics. The war-time dealings of the government illustrate the matter. The industries were put on a cost-plus basis. The farmer had an arbitrary price placed on his products regardless of cost and was told to produce to the limit. His business was to furnish the food as a patriotic duty, with or without profit. For the manufacturer of other products, patriotism had to be nourished by nice profits to enable him to produce what was just as necessary for the prosecution of the War.

The business leaders of the country today still think that in some indefinable way the farmer should still produce, regardless of the question of profit. The treatment meted out to the farmers by the business men of the country is akin to the treatment dealt to the Russian farmers by the Soviets. Isn't it at bottom trying Communism on one class at the will of the other classes of our society?

Prosser, Wash. E. O. RICE.

The Eleonora Duse Fellowship

SIR: The Italy-America Society, founded in 1918 by Charles Evans Hughes to promote the cultural relations between Italy and America, has served this purpose in the last ten years by organizing lecture tours in Italy and in America, art exhibitions, musical concerts, exchange of professors and other activities. The Society founded also in 1924 two fellowships, one to be awarded to an Italian student to work for a year in an American University (Alessandra Volta Fellowship) and the other for an American graduate student to study in Italy (Eleonora Duse Fellowship).

For the first fellowship, an endowment of $25,000 has been collected by a private subscription, and set aside as a perpetual foundation in honor of the father of electricity. Its income, $1,250, is sufficient to maintain every year an Italian student in America. For the Eleonora Duse Fellowship, which needs also a capital of $25,000, $3,100 has been collected by private contributions and benefit performances.

It is the desire of the Society and of all the people who love the name of Duse, and want to honor her in this country, to raise enough money to establish a perpetual foundation in her honor as has been done already for the Volta Fellowship. $21,500 is needed for such a purpose.

We feel that there is no better way to honor the name of Duse and to perpetuate the love for her than having American youth study in her own country, in her honor and through her. The Duse Endowment is the logical embodiment of this idea, and the Italy-America Society the institution most fit to take care of it.

Since 1924, the following students have made use of the Duse

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Fellowship: Aldo C. Poletti, J. L. Gaylord, Jean P. Black, George L. Doty, and Marie Davis. They were all selected by national competition organized by sending the announcement to all the universities and colleges in America, and the final selection was made by the Committee on Education of the Italy-America Society, consisting of Dr. Mario E. Cosenza, Professor Leonardo Covello, Professor Henry Burchell, Professor A. Arbib-Costa, Dr. A. Livingston, Dr. Stephen P. Duggan, Professor Kent Roberts Greenfield, Professor Dino Bigongiari, Professor Vito Toglia, Professor Charles E. Downer, and Professor Bruno Roselli.

The students dedicated themselves to research work in history, literature and history of art, and they fulfilled all expectations with important achievements in their studies.

The Treasurer of the Society is Francis D. Bartow, and the address is Casa Italiana, Columbia University, New York City.

RUTH DRAPER.

New York City.

The N. A. A. C. P.

SIR: Twenty years ago, on the birthday of Abraham Lincoln, a number of citizens prominent in the life of the nation, shocked by a dreadful race riot at Springfield, Illinois, Lincoln's home, signed a call imploring Americans to devote themselves to an intelligent and concerted effort to bring about a better understanding between the races, in harmony with the principles of the Great Emancipator, with a view to averting such tragedies in the future. In the twenty years since that call was issued, the small committee then formed has grown into a national body, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, with 350 branches in forty-five states. That the twenty years' work of this body has borne fruit in increased opportunity for the Negro, and in better and more informed public opinion, is everywhere recognized. The campaign of the Association for open-mindedness and fact-finding, its five victories before the United States Supreme Court, establishing principles vital to all American citizens, and its practical demonstration of harmonious and intelligent coöperation between white and colored people for the common good, have not alone constituted a vital contribution to the America of today, but have heartened innumerable individuals and organizations, north and south, striving for peace and justice as between the races.

ARTHUR CAPPER.

Washington, D. C.

A Correction

In the editorial entitled "The Way into the World Court," in our issue of March 6, 1929, the statement was made that "at one time the Supreme Court of the United States gave advisory opinions." This was incorrect. When, in the Genêt episode of 1792, the Supreme Court was asked to give such an opinion, it declined to do so.

Contributors

SISLEY HUDDLESTON is the Paris correspondent of The Christian Science Monitor. His most recent book, entitled "Paris Salons, Cafés, Studios," was published this winter by the J. B. Lippincott Company.

SILAS BENT, formerly on the editorial staff of The New York Times, contributes articles to various periodicals.

STUART CHASE is a member of The Labor Bureau, Inc., and the author of "The Tragedy of Waste," and of "Your Money's Worth." The series of articles of which this is the third is a condensed version of some of the chapters in his forthcoming book, to be published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

The list of contributors to the Spring Book Section will be found on page 143 of the Book Section.

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Saturday, March 30—**E. G. Spaulding:** "The Realistic Solution of Philosophical Problems: A Realistic World."

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The New
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Spring Book Section

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A Preface to Modern Literature

IT IS my purpose in the present article to attempt to trace the origins of certain tendencies in contemporary literature. To persons already familiar with the field, my explanations will seem rudimentary; but it seems true, at the present time, for reasons which I shall suggest, that, in general, and even among literary people, the sources and fundamental principles of the books which are most discussed are singularly little understood. It is not usually recognized, for example, that writers such as W. B. Yeats, James Joyce, T. S. Eliot, Gertrude Stein, Marcel Proust and Paul Valéry represent the culmination of a perfectly self-conscious and very important literary movement; and even when we become aware that these writers have something in common, that some sort of movement exists, we are likely to be rather vague as to what its distinguishing features are.

We do, however, today, as a rule, have a pretty clear idea of the issues which were raised by the Romantic Movement of the beginning of the nineteenth century. We still debate Classicism and Romanticism, and when we attempt to deal with contemporary literary problems, we often tend to discuss them in those terms. Yet the movement of which in our own day we are witnessing the mature development is not merely a degeneration or an elaboration of Romanticism, but rather a counterpart to it, a second flood of the same tide. And even the metaphor of a tide is misleading: what we have today is an entirely distinct movement, which takes place under different conditions and must be discussed in different terms.

Romanticism, as everyone has heard, was a revolt of the individual. The "Classicism" against which it was a reaction meant, in the domain of politics and morals, a preoccupation with society as a whole; and, in art, an ideal of objectivity. In "Le Misanthrope," in "Bérénice," in "The Way of the World," in "Gulliver's Travels," the artist is out of the picture: he would consider it artistic bad taste to identify himself with his hero or to betray agitation. But in "René," in "Rolla," in "Childe Harold," in "The Prelude," the writer is either his own hero, or unmistakably identified with his hero, and the personality and emotions of the writer are presented as the sole matter of importance. Racine, Molière, Congreve and Swift ask us to be interested in what they have made; but Chateaubriand, Musset, Byron and Wordsworth ask us to be interested in themselves. And they ask us to be interested in themselves by virtue of the intrinsic value, and therefore of the rights, of the individual as against society—that is, against gov-

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ernment, morals, conventions, academy or church. The Romantic is nearly always a rebel.

In this connection, it is illuminating to remember the explanation of the Romantic Movement given by A. N. Whitehead in his "Science and the Modern World." The Romantic Movement, Whitehead says, was really a reaction against scientific ideas, or rather against mechanistic ideas. The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were the great period in Europe of the development of mathematics and physics; and the principal influences upon the literature of the so-called Classical Age were really Newton and Descartes. The poets, like the astronomers and mathematicians, had come to regard the universe as a machine, obeying logical laws and susceptible of reasonable explanation: God figured merely as the clockmaker who must have made the clock. They applied this conception also to society, which, from the point of view of Louis XIV and of the American Constitution alike, had the character of a planetary system or well adjusted machine; and they examined human nature dispassionately, in the same lucid and reasonable spirit, to discover what principles it exemplified. Thus the theorems of the physicist were matched by the geometrical plays of Racine and the balanced couplets of Pope.

But this conception of a fixed mechanical order came eventually to be felt as a constraint: it excluded too much of life—or rather, the description which it furnished did not seem to fit actual experience. The Romantics were becoming acutely conscious of aspects of human experience which could not be analyzed or explained on the theory of a world run by clockwork. The world was not a machine, after all, but something far more mysterious.

> The atoms of Democritus,
> And Newton's particles of light
> Are sands upon the Red Sea shore,
> Where Israel's tents do shine so bright!

asserted Blake, in contemptuous contradiction of the scientific theory of his day. And to Wordsworth, the countryside of his boyhood meant neither agriculture nor neo-classic idylls, but a light never seen on land or sea. When the poet looked into his own soul, he beheld something which did not seem to him reducible to a set of principles of human nature such, for example, as La Rouchefoucauld's "Maxims": he beheld mystery, conflict, confusion. And he either set himself, like Wordsworth and Blake, to affirm the superior truth of this mystery and confusion, as a description of reality, to the mechanical universe of the physicists; or, accepting this mechanical universe, like Byron or Alfred de Vigny, as external to and indifferent to man, he pitted against it, in defiance, his own turbulent and insubordinate nature.

In any case, it is, as in Wordsworth, the individual sensibility, or, as in Byron, the individual will, which has come to preoccupy the poet; and he has invented a new language to render its mystery, its conflict and its confusion. The arena of literature has been transferred from the universe conceived as a machine, or from society conceived as an organization, to the individual soul.

What has really taken place, says Whitehead, is a philosophical revolution. The scientists of the seventeenth century who described the universe as a mechanism had given rise to the assumption that man was something apart from nature, something introduced into the universe from outside and remaining alien to all that he finds. But a romantic poet like Wordsworth has come to feel the error of this assumption: he has perceived that the world is an organism, that nature includes planets and people alike, that what we are and what we see, what we hear, what we feel and what we smell, are inextricably related, that they are all parts of the same entity. So that it is Ruskin, after all, and not the Romantics, who were guilty of a "pathetic fallacy" in supposing that there was no intimate connection between the landscape and their personal emotions. There is no real dualism, says Whitehead, between external lakes and hills, on the one hand, and personal emotions, on the other: they are interdependent and developing together in some fashion of which our classical notions of laws of cause and effect, of dualities of mind and matter, or of body and soul, can give us no true idea. The Romantic poet, then, has begun to describe things as they truly are: and a revolution in the imagery of poetry is in reality a revolution in metaphysics.

Whitehead drops the story at this point; but he has provided the key to what follows. In the middle of the nineteenth century, science made new advances, and mechanistic ideas were brought back into fashion again. But they came this time from a different quarter—not from physics and mathematics, but from biology. It was the effect of the theory of evolution to reduce man from the heroic stature to which the Romantics had tried to raise him, to the semblance of a helpless animal, again very small in the universe and at the mercy of the forces about him. Humanity was the accidental product of heredity and environment and capable of being explained in terms of them. This doctrine in literature was called Naturalism, and it was exemplified by novelists like Zola who believed that composing a novel could be accomplished like a laboratory experiment: you had only to supply your characters with a definite heredity and environment and then watch their automatic reactions; and by literary critics like Taine, who asserted that virtue and vice were as much the products of automatic processes as alkalis and acids, and who attempted to account for masterpieces by studying the geographical and climatic conditions of the countries in which they had been produced.

Not, however, that the movement known as Naturalism arose directly from "The Origin of

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Species." There had already begun, about the middle of the century, quite independent of the theory of evolution, a reaction against the sentimentality and the looseness of Romanticism in the direction of the objectivity and the severity of Classicism again, and this reaction was already characterized by a kind of scientific observation. This movement is seen most clearly in France. The Parnassian group of poets, who made their first appearance in the fifties—Gautier, Leconte de Lisle, Hérédia—seemed to have taken it for their aim merely to picture historical incidents and natural phenomena as dispassionately, as accurately and in verses as perfect as possible. Leconte de Lisle's elephants crossing the desert may be taken as a classical example: he describes the elephants crossing the desert almost as if he were writing natural history, and he leaves it at that.

It is less easy, in English poetry, to give clear examples of the reaction toward Naturalism: the English did not, after the Romantic Movement, take much interest in literary methods till toward the end of the nineteenth century. But this reaction was taking place, none the less, and we can see very clearly in Tennyson, who was also preoccupied with the doctrines of evolution, something of the same exactitude of description combined with something of the same severity of verse—though with less hardness and more grace—that we find in the Parnassians:

> Nor wilt thou snare him in the white ravine,
> Nor find him dropt upon the firths of ice,
> That huddling slant in furrow-cloven fells
> To roll the torrent out of dusky doors:
> But follow; let the torrent dance thee down
> To find him in the valley; let the wild
> Lean-headed eagles yelp alone.

And it is interesting to compare Tennyson, in this connection, with Pope on the rare occasions (though not so rare as people sometimes suppose) when he is describing natural objects:

> The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,
> The yellow carp, in scales bedropp'd with gold.

These lines have the technical perfection and the precise observation of Tennyson, but they are heavier and more metallic. And Pope is often, as a matter of fact, very close to the Parnassians.

But the highest developments of Naturalism took place, not in poetry, but in prose. The plays of Ibsen and the novels of Flaubert are the masterpieces of this second period of modern classicism, as Racine and Swift are of the first. Their art has become again scrupulously non-personal and objective, insisting on precision of language and economy of form. Compare the lucidity, the logic and the limited number of characters of such a drama of Ibsen's as "Rosmersholm" with the rigorous conventions of Racine; or compare "Gulliver's Travels" with "Bouvard et Pécuchet" or "L'Education Sentimentale." Yet, though the earlier works resemble the later ones in many obvious ways, they differ from them in this: where a seventeenth-century moralist like La Rochefoucauld would have sought to discover and set forth the universal principles of human behavior, a nineteenth-century writer like Ibsen or Flaubert has begun to study man in his relation to his particular environment and time. But in both cases, the point of view may be described as "scientific," as tending to be mechanistic.

Now Flaubert and Ibsen both had been suckled on Romanticism. Flaubert had begun by writing a Romantic "Saint-Antoine" before he chastened it and cut it down to the more sober one which he published; and Ibsen had written in verse his Faustian "Brand" and "Peer Gynt" before he arrived at his realistic plays in prose. Each, beginning in Romanticism, had evolved for himself a new discipline and developed a new point of view. For "Madame Bovary" is not merely arranged and written differently from a novel by Victor Hugo, but it also constitutes an objective criticism of a case of Romantic personality; and Ibsen was occupied all his life with an objective presentation of the conflict between our duty to our neighbor and our duty—that Romantic duty—to ourself.

But in the later prose plays of Ibsen, the trolls and apparitions of his early dramatic poems have begun to creep back into the bourgeois drawing-rooms: the Naturalist has been finally compelled to break his own mold. All that vaporous, confused and grandiose world of Romanticism had been resolutely ordered and compressed; but the technique and the conceptions to which it has answered have begun again to seem too narrow. The reader begins to feel the strain, and the artist begins to betray it. Huysmans described Leconte de Lisle as "the sonorous hardware man": we remember Wordsworth's strictures on Pope. Literature is rebounding again from the scientific-classical pole to the poetic-romantic one. And the name of this second reaction at the end of the nineteenth century, of this counterpart to Romanticism at the end of the century before, was Symbolism.

Now in attempting to write literary history, one must guard against giving the impression that these movements and counter-movements necessarily occur in a punctual and well generalled fashion—as if eighteenth-century reason had been cleanly put to rout by nineteenth-century Romanticism, which then proceeded to hold the field till it was laid by the heels by Naturalism, and as if Rimbaud and Mallarmé had then blown up Naturalism with bombs. What really happens, of course, is that one set of methods and ideas is not completely superseded by another; but that, on the contrary, it thrives in its teeth; so that, on the one hand, Flaubert's prose has learned to hear, see and feel with the delicate senses of Romanticism at the same time that Flaubert is disciplining and criticizing the Romantic

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soul; and so that, on the other hand, certain members of a school will continue to practise its methods and to exploit its possibilities further and further, unaffected by new influences in the air, when most of the rest of the world have abandoned it.

I have here purposely been selecting writers who seemed to represent some tendency or school in its purest or most highly developed form. We must, however, now consider some Romantics who, in certain ways, carried Romanticism far further than Chateaubriand or Musset, or than Wordsworth or Byron, and who became the first precursors of Symbolism and were afterwards placed among its saints.

One of these was the French writer who called himself Gérard de Nerval. Gérard de Nerval suffered from spells of insanity; and, partly no doubt as a result of this, tended to confuse his own fancies and feelings with external reality. He was convinced, even in his lucid periods—and no doubt Whitehead would approve his metaphysics—that the world which we see about us corresponds in some more intimate fashion than is ordinarily supposed to the things that go on in our minds, and even to our dreams and hallucinations; and in one of Gérard de Nerval's sonnets he surely goes Wordsworth one better in ascribing eyes to the walls and a soul to the stones.

But a more important prophet of Symbolism was Edgar Allan Poe. It was in general true that, by the middle of the century, the American Romantics —Poe, Hawthorne, Melville, Whitman and even Emerson—seemed, for reasons which it would be interesting to determine, to be developing in the direction of Symbolism; and one of the events of prime importance in the early history of the Symbolist movement was the discovery of Poe by Baudelaire. When Baudelaire, a late Romantic, discovered Poe in 1847, he "experienced a strange commotion." When he began to look up Poe's writings in the files of American magazines, he found among them stories and poems which he said he had "thought vaguely and confusedly" of writing himself, and Poe became one of his great admirations. In 1852, he published a volume of translations of Poe's tales; and from then on the influence of Poe became one of the most important in French literature. Poe's critical writings provided the first scriptures of the Symbolist Movement, for he had formulated what amounted to a new literary program which corrected the Romantic looseness and lopped away the Romantic extravagance, at the same time that it aimed, not at Naturalistic, but at ultra-Romantic effects. There was, of course, a good deal in common between Poe's poetry and such Romantic poetry as Coleridge's "Kubla Khan," as there was between his poems in prose and such Romantic prose as that of DeQuincey. But Poe, by insisting on and specially developing certain aspects of Romanticism, helped to transform it into something different. "I *know*," we find Poe writing, for example, "that indefiniteness is an element of the true music [of poetry]—I mean of the true musical expression . . . a suggestive indefiniteness of meaning with a view of bringing about a definiteness of vague and therefore of spiritual *effect*." And to approximate the indefiniteness of music became one of the principal aims of Symbolism.

This indefiniteness was accomplished not only by the confusion I have mentioned already between the imaginary and the real; but also by means of a confusion between the perceptions of the different senses.

> *Comme de longs échos qui de loin se confondent . . .*
> *Les parfums, les couleurs et les sons se répondent,*

wrote Baudelaire. And we find Poe, in one of his poems, *hearing* the approach of the darkness, and writing such a description as the following of the sensations which follow death: "Night arrived; and with its shadows a heavy discomfort. It oppressed my limbs with the oppression of some dull weight, and was palpable. There was also a moaning sound, not unlike the distant reverberation of surf, but more continuous, which beginning with the first twilight, had grown in strength with the darkness. Suddenly lights were brought into the room . . . and issuing from the flame of each lamp, there flowed unbrokenly into my ears a strain of melodious monotone."

Now when an English-speaking reader comes to consider French Symbolist poetry, it may be difficult for him at first to understand why it should have created a revolution: he may not even be able to see in what the novelty of Symbolism consisted. The medley of images; the telescoped metaphors; the mixture of irony with passion—of the grand with the prosaic manner; the bold amalgamation of material with spiritual—may all seem to him quite familiar. He has always known them in the English poetry of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—they are the language of Shakespeare and of Donne. It may even seem to the English-speaking reader that this sort of thing is the norm against which, in English poetry, the eighteenth century was a heresy and which the Romantics did their best to return to. But we must remember that the development of French poetry has been quite different from the development of English. Michelet said that in the sixteenth century the fate of French literature hung in the balance between Rabelais and Ronsard, and he regrets that it was Ronsard who triumphed. For Rabelais in France represented a sort of equivalent to our own Elizabethan literature, while Ronsard, who represented to Michelet all that was poorest, dryest and most conventional in the French genius, was one of the fathers of that classical tradition of lucidity, sobriety and purity which culminated in Molière and Racine. In comparison, the English Classical period of the eighteenth century, the age of Dr. Johnson and Pope, was a brief ineffective deviation. And from the point of view of English readers, the most daring

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innovations of the Romantic revolution in France, in spite of all the excitement which accompanied them, must appear of an astonishingly moderate character. But the age and the strictness of the tradition were the measure of the difficulty of breaking out of it. After all, Wordsworth, Shelley and Keats—in spite of Pope and Dr. Johnson—had only to look back to Milton and Shakespeare, who had thrown their shadows across the scene all along. But to an eighteenth-century Frenchman like Voltaire, Shakespeare was incomprehensible; and to the Frenchman of the classical tradition of the beginning of the nineteenth century, the rhetoric of Hugo was a scandal: the French were not used to such rich colors or to so free a vocabulary; moreover, the Romantics broke metrical rules far stricter than any we have had in English. But Victor Hugo was still very far from the complexity and freedom of Shakespeare. It is enlightening to compare Shelley's "O World! O Life! O Time!" with the poem of Alfred de Musset's which begins "*J'ai perdu ma force et ma vie.*" To us, the similarity appears chiefly one of sentiment. Musset, even when sighing, is clear and precise, where Shelley is confused and vague. And it will not be till the advent of the Symbolists that French poetry will become capable of this fluidity and vagueness.

The Symbolist movement broke those rules of French metrics which the Romantics had left intact, and it threw overboard the clarity and precision of the French classical tradition which the Romantics had still largely respected. It was nourished from many alien sources—German, Flemish, modern Greek—and especially, precisely, from English. Verlaine had lived in England, and knew English well; Mallarmé was a professor of English; and Baudelaire, as I have said, had provided the movement with its first programs by translating the essays of Poe. Two of the Symbolist poets, Stuart Merrill and Francis Vielé-Griffin, were Americans who lived in Paris and wrote French; and an American, reading today the latter's "Chevauchée d'Yeldis," for example, may wonder how, when Symbolism was new, such a poem could ever have been regarded as one of the movement's acknowledged masterpieces: to us, it seems merely agreeable, not in the least revolutionary or novel, but like something which might possibly have been written by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, if he had been influenced by Browning. (It is interesting also to note that today, when the pupils of the Symbolists really rule French literature, the French have resurrected and reinstated the solitary seventeenth-century French poet—Maurice de Scèves—who, by reason of his obscure "conceits," corresponded to the "metaphysical" English poets such as Crashaw and Donne: his poetry had always hitherto been rejected as crabbed and unintelligible!)

What made Poe particularly acceptable to the French, however, was what had distinguished him from most of the other Romantics of the English-speaking countries: his interest in esthetic theory. The French have always reasoned about literature far more than the English have; they always want to know what they are doing and why they are doing it: their literary criticism has acted as a constant interpreter and guide to the rest of their literature. And it was in France that Poe's literary theory, to which no one seems to have paid much attention elsewhere, was studied and developed. So that, though the effects and devices of Symbolism were of a kind that was familiar in English, and though the Symbolists were sometimes indebted to English literature directly—the Symbolist Movement itself, by reason of its origin in France, had a deliberate self-conscious esthetic which made it different from anything in English. Its leader, Stéphane Mallarmé, was a figure of a kind very rare in English literature. Paul Valéry says of Mallarmé that, as he was the greatest French poet of his time, he could have been also one of the most popular. But Mallarmé was an unpopular poet: reasoning much over the theory of poetry and proposing to himself the most difficult aims, he became a veritable saint of art. Ridiculed and denounced by the public, who insisted that his productions were nonsense, and yet were irritated by his seriousness and obstinacy, he exercised, from his little Paris apartment, where he held weekly receptions, an influence curiously far-reaching upon the young writers—English and French alike—of the end of the century. Mallarmé taught English for a living, and wrote little and published less: his was a life of singular purity and disinterestedness, given up to the philosophy and practice of poetry. He had applied himself to making poetry do things which it had never—self-consciously at least—undertaken to do before. Mallarmé was, as Thibaudet says, engaged in "a disinterested experiment on the confines of poetry, at a limit where other lungs would find the air unbreathable."

What, then, precisely, was this limit, on the confines of poetry, which the Symbolists were trying to approach? What was the purpose of the Symbolist experiment? I have called attention, in speaking of Poe, to the confusion between the perceptions of the different senses, and to the attempt to make the effects of poetry approximate those of music. And I should add, in this latter connection, that the influence on Symbolist poetry of the music of Wagner was as important as that of any writer; at the time when Romantic music had come closest to literature, literature was attracted toward music. I have also spoken, in connection with Gérard de Nerval, of the confusion between the imaginary and the real, between our sensations and fancies, on the one hand, and what we actually do and see, on the other. It was the tendency of Symbolism—that second swing of the pendulum away from a mechanistic view of nature and a preoccupation with society as a whole—to make poetry even more a matter of the sensations and emotions of the individual than Romanticism had done: it had, in-

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deed, almost the result of making poetry private to the individual.

The peculiar subtlety and difficulty of Symbolism is indicated by the name itself. It may prove misleading to English readers: for the symbols of Symbolism really had little in common with symbolism in the ordinary sense—the sense in which the Cross is the symbol of Christianity, or the Stars and Stripes the symbol of the United States. The symbols of Symbolism were not instruments, like the Stars and Stripes or the Cross, for reminding us of larger things. It was the assumption of the Symbolists that every feeling or sensation we have is different from every other feeling and sensation; and that it is, in consequence, impossible to render them through the conventional and universal language of ordinary literature. Each poet has his own special language; each moment has its special language. And these languages make use of symbols: what is so special, so fleeting and so vague cannot be conveyed by direct statement or description, but only by a series of images which may serve to suggest it. The Symbolists themselves hoped that these images spoke at once as plainly and as purely as the notes and chords of music. But the words of our speech are not musical notation, and what the symbols of Symbolism really were were metaphors detached from their subjects: one had to guess what these metaphors were being applied to. And Symbolism may perhaps be defined as an attempt by carefully studied means—a complicated association of ideas represented by a medley of metaphors—to communicate unique personal feelings.

The Symbolist Movement, at first, was thus largely confined to France and principally limited to poetry of rather an esoteric kind; but it was destined, as time went on, to spread to the whole western world and its principles to be applied on a scale and in departments of literature which the most enthusiastic of its founders could scarcely have foreseen. "The reaction against the rationalism of the eighteenth century," wrote Yeats in 1897, "has mingled with a reaction against the materialism of the nineteenth century, and the symbolical movement, which has come to perfection in Germany in Wagner, in England in the Pre-Raphaelites, and in France in Villiers de l'Isle Adam, and Mallarmé, and Maeterlinck, and has stirred the imagination of Ibsen and D'Annunzio, is certainly the only movement that is saying new things."

Without some knowledge of the aims and significance of Symbolism, it is impossible properly to understand much of the literature of the present time. And I want to suggest that, if English and American criticism have, in general, shown themselves singularly incompetent to deal with the contemporary literary situation, it is simply because, in spite of the Pre-Raphaelites, who were launched in England by an impulse somewhat similar to that of the Symbolists, the contemporary situation is the result of a revolution which occurred outside English literature, and whose ideas have reached us from France. The case of the Romantic Movement was different: Wordsworth's prefaces were English manifestoes: and Lockhart's attack on Keats and Byron's attacks on Jeffrey were blows struck in an English civil war. But, in spite of the not very clear-headed English "decadent" and "esthetic" movements of the end of the century, the battle of Symbolism has never properly been fought out in English. And I want to suggest that this is the reason that, whereas writers like Paul Valéry and Proust, who have grown out of the Symbolist Movement, are well understood and well appreciated by French literary criticism, the English-writing literary critics, who usually read little French literature, have so often seemed not to know how to deal with similar English-writing writers such as T. S. Eliot and Joyce. Even when these writers have brought back into English literature qualities which are natural to it and resources which it originally possessed, they have returned by way of France and have taken on the complexion of the French mind—critical, philosophical, much occupied with esthetic theory and tending always to aim at particular effects and to study appropriate means.

It has been peculiarly easy for certain of the leaders of contemporary English literature—that is, of the literature since the War—to profit by the example of Paris, because they are themselves not English. Yeats is an Irishman who turns almost as easily toward Paris as toward London; Joyce is an Irishman who has done most of his work on the Continent and who has scarcely lived in England at all; and T. S. Eliot and Gertrude Stein are Americans living abroad. The work of these writers has been largely a continuance or extension of Symbolism. Yeats, who went to Paris in the nineties and who was instructed in Symbolism by Arthur Symons, succeeded in transplanting it to Ireland. T. S. Eliot in his earliest poems seems to have been as susceptible to the influence of French Symbolists such as Tristan Corbière and Laforgue as to the influence of the English Elizabethans. Joyce, a master of Naturalism as great perhaps as Flaubert, has at the same time succeeded in dramatizing Symbolism by making use of its methods for conveying the special and varying states of mind of his characters. And Gertrude Stein, who introduced her first book with an epigraph from Laforgue, has carried Mallarmé's principles so far in the direction of that limit where other lungs find the air unbreathable as finally, perhaps, to reduce them to absurdity. It is true, however, that under proper conditions, these principles remain valid; and the strength and the weakness alike of much of the literature since the War—including Dadaism and Expressionism—derive naturally from the Symbolist poets and may already be studied in their work. The history of the growth of Symbolism, and of its blending with or conflict with Naturalism, is the history of the literature of our time.

EDMUND WILSON.

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A Philosopher of History

The Decline of the West, by Oswald Spengler. Vol. II: Perspectives of World History. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 507 pages. $7.50.

THE first volume of Spengler's "The Decline of the West" set forth his theory of cultural cycles and created a fresh perspective on western civilization. For the arbitrary division of European history into ancient, mediæval and modern, Spengler substituted three overlapping but successive cultures: Apollonian or classical, Magian or "Arabic" and Faustian or modern northern European. While the idea of cultural cycles was not a new one, since Mr. Stuart Glennie, for one, had set it forth a generation ago in England, Spengler's great merit was to reinforce it with an astounding mass of examples and parallels.

Spengler's second volume is a comparative study of the forms of these cultures: their relation to landscapes, cities, other peoples, classes, states, and economic life. With this volume, we have now the opportunity to survey Spengler's vision of life and history as a whole; but the task is no easy one, and it will take at least a generation before the grand truths Spengler has established are absorbed, and all his falsehoods, errors, excrescences, provincialities, and defects of temperament are worked out—or surgically removed. The tendency of Spengler's book is to make religious converts or cold, impassive enemies: either it is esteemed as a gospel or hastily dismissed as a superstition; and the sooner it wins for itself a little sympathetic but unflinching analysis, the better it will be all around.

There are two difficulties that stand in the way of examining Spengler's theories. One of them is that one must master his vocabulary, and accept his endless restatement of commonplaces into his own dialect. This effort is worth making, and as one gets deeper into Spengler's thesis one follows without confusion his special use of the terms microcosm and macrocosm, periodicity, beat, tension, form, Being and Destiny. The other difficulty is Spengler's inordinate and amazing bad manners: he has a pleasant way of trying to demolish an antagonistic theory or to sweep away a contentious fact by abuse, and he has the impudence of a modern advertiser in his tendency to bludgeon his generalizations home by repetition instead of by proof—all reinforced by a curious habit of identifying his pronouncements with those of God Almighty, and a very old-fashioned Almighty, too, jealous and given to vindication by anathema. If Spengler's ideas were not so important one would simply not put up with it: one constantly loses energy in making emotional corrections.

What is the center of Spengler's outlook? His distinction, it seems to me, is that he is the first philosopher of history, with the exception of Professor Patrick Geddes, to carry over into social life and its movement through time the fundamental concepts of biology. The originality of Spengler comes out best, perhaps, in comparison with his greatest predecessor, Comte. Though Auguste Comte coined the word biology and was the first person to recognize its place in the classification of the sciences, his scheme of history was not essentially oriented to biology; he was closer to Condorcet than to Darwin; while the modern historians who prefix their account of later institutions with a perfunctory chapter on geological evolution and the origin of mammals do no more than effect a mechanical attachment between human history and the deep pervasive forces of life. The very structure of Spengler's thought, on the contrary, is impregnated with biology: his chief dichotomy, between Cosmic and Microcosmic, between Being and Waking-Being, Destiny and Causality, Totem and Taboo, Castle and Cathedral, country and city, runs through each aspect of human society: every cultural phenomenon represents for him either the timeless, earth-bound, vegetable world, of cosmic destinies, or the emancipated, free-moving animal world, subject to a special history which is not, *ipso facto,* the history of the species. Spengler feels the unity and continuity of life; and he carries this feeling into his interpretation of history, sometimes speciously but more often with great acuteness. It is no wonder that the superficial documentary historian is puzzled, and a little disdainful. With difficulty he accepts the notion that men are alive: when Spengler assures him that cultures are alive, too, he shrinks from the necessary consequences.

Unfortunately, all categories tend to become independent and rigid in the mind of the thinker; and Spengler's are no exception to this rule. His cultures not merely have a separate existence: they become insulated in his mind like islands separated by perilous seas: one would think that Classical Man not merely observed different customs from the man of today, but was so altered in the formation of heart, liver, and lights that he belonged to a different species. One has only to dip into Plato or Aristophanes to see that this is nonsense, and Spengler's attempt to browbeat one out of this discovery by saying that Plato belongs only to philologists nowadays merely shows that he holds a weak hand here and cannot bear to admit it. It is the same with Spengler's division between Destiny and Causality, between nobility and priesthood, Country and City: the categories themselves are distinct, but in life, as Samuel Butler reminds us, everything is mixed with a little of the opposite; and if the mind is not continually to stultify itself, it must become conscious of its native bias and reintroduce gradation, intermixture, fluidity into all its formal divisions. Spengler fails, fatally, to make this correction. The priest—the pure causality type—of Spengler's imagination, or the warrior-noble—the pure destiny type—are conveniences of thought: but they have never existed in actuality, without interacting and responding to the ideas or conditions created by the other. Between a sanctified King Louis at one end, and a marauding Pope Julius at the other, types that have completely exchanged roles, there are in life an infinite number of gradations, although the necessities of speech, thought, and action compel us to ignore most of them.

Spengler's crucial mistake is to carry this fixed intellectual separation on to a heroic plane of error. He enunciates his fallacy so clearly, and so often, that one has no excuse for being taken in by it. In briefest form, it is: "A ruler who wishes to improve religion in the direction of political, practical purposes is a fool. A sociologist-preacher who tries to bring truth, righteousness, peace and forgiveness into the world of actuality is a fool also. No faith has yet altered the world, and no fact can ever rebut a faith." This is an interesting theory, but it does not account for the positive fact that a certain amount of truth, righteousness and peace has gotten into a brutal world; nor does it explain why faith after faith has crumbled under the direct impact of new conditions of life and new aims in living. Spengler plainly believes that he has reached a profound world-view, on the very summit of history: but his generalization, I think, derives from those depths which produced the World War and its consequent débâcle.

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One must not be deceived by Spengler's defense of *Realpolitik* and spiritual impotence into thinking that "The Decline of the West" is in itself a piece of unflinching realism. His history is, on the contrary, the highest and latest product of German romanticism, a raising of Nietzsche's lyric inspiration into a vast epic of scholarship. That ideas do not count, that the imagination is a eunuch, that technique and business and war are the real occupation today, and that art and philosophy and ethics "do not exist"—these propositions are not exactly new ones: the chief novelty in the present work is to see them defended with such a show of scholarship and erudition. In the disrupted and catastrophic life of the last century, such a view of our fate is perhaps an inevitable by-product. But the view does not correspond to a "fact": it is itself a form of faith. When Spengler threatens one with historical obliteration for not accepting one's destiny—for not welcoming the hardness, shrinkage, fixation, dictatorships of the world around us—we may well smile a little. Why this passion? Why this fervor of denunciation? Is he afraid that a brave man or two might swerve Destiny or unhinge Fate? This is not the voice of Truth: it is the shout of blind faith, like the ranting of a salvationist or a 100 percent patriot, trying to hold its own against the assault of inconvenient facts and contrary interpretations. Spengler as social apologist—if for a moment I may be permitted his own urbane manner of characterization—is a braying jackass.

Unfortunately, it is not the philosopher but the jackass that people will pay attention to. That part of Spengler's work which is likely to have practical consequences in the world is the part which suggests, at the present moment, an attitude of resignation, a contentment with the forces now brutishly dominant, a refusal to humanize the contents of existence. In short, to a war-weary generation Spengler has issued a call to action without thought, and civilization without cultural form: a command to life without tension or effort. Every writer who becomes a hack, every industrialist who becomes a mere money-maker, every politician who permits chicane and stupidity and false motives to pile up the explosives for another war, every trade-unionist who betrays his class—each and all of these will find their apology in Spengler. Like all ideas, Spengler's beliefs and dogmas will tend to work themselves out in actuality and pragmatically justify themselves—a generation hence people will talk Spengler without knowing it, perhaps, as the last generation talked Darwin and the generation before it talked Bentham or Rousseau. The local and immediate effect of Spengler's history is likely to be a bad one, in that it will increase the number of spiritual suicides in our generation.

Herman Melville said that evil lies amid the good as sand lies in rice, not merely bad in itself but spoiling the good: but though at times this is true of life, it does not hold for Spengler's book: with all its potentialities for mischief, "The Decline of the West" remains one of the most exalted monuments of thought our generation has produced, and no one can read it without finding new vistas opening up at almost every step of the way. The specialist will correct certain details; for there are, it goes without saying, many flaws in his generalizations. To take a single instance from my own department, Spengler points out that the non-functional rectangular city plan is a mark of a hardening "civilization": a generalization extremely plausible till one recalls that the English bastides in France were frequently designed on a mechanical, checker-board pattern, in the very springtime of Faustian culture! But no matter. For all these minor lapses, there has been no one, with the exception of Geddes, who has anything like Spengler's comprehensive culture and fertile insights; no one who has seen so profoundly that history deals with landscapes and cities and forms of thought, as well as people and institutions and "events." The world will be altered by the presence of this book. This will be at once a refutation of Spengler's major error and a vindication of his equally great truths. Spengler has started a new strain of histories.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

Days of Fear

Days of Fear, by Frank Gallagher. New York: Harper and Brothers. 175 pages. $2.

A NOTE on the wrapper of this book tells that it gives "the honest, candid and truthful sensations of a mind under the sustained physical suffering of a hunger-strike in Mountjoy Prison in 1920."

The jails had been filled with prisoners who had taken arms against the English forces, the military, the Black-and-Tans, and the rest, who had ruled Ireland by force of arms from the time of the Rising of 1916. These Mountjoy prisoners, treated as common criminals, had now pledged themselves " . . . not to eat food nor drink anything but water until all here have been given prisoner-of-war treatment or are released," and Frank Gallagher, who now tells the story, was one of them.

It happened that I had come to Dublin on my way home from London, and now, looking at a diary kept from time to time, I find these notes telling something of the feeling outside the jail.

"*Gresham Hotel, April 13, 1920.*

"Arriving at Kingstown from London I bought the papers, and the news of the hunger strike turned me sick.

"A general strike on behalf of the prisoners ordered; the Gresham staff are to leave at 10 A. M., and the hotel is to be shut. I bought a loaf of bread, a box of dates and two oranges, and left them at the Abbey [Theater], as I may have to take refuge there.

"Excitement in the streets and everywhere. Stop Press editions giving news of the prisoners on hunger strike, and the ordered strike outside.

"This morning, fourteenth, I expected to be turned out, but the housemaid says they are not ordered to leave yet. I say I think the one-day strike may make the government give in, but she is doubtful; says 'the military are very cruel.'

"The streets crowded, all shops shut, people not dressed as for Sunday, and without any look of enjoyment.

"There was tension, and watching for papers, but these had no news save continuance of the strike. Lady Woods asked me to stay with them, but the Gresham will still keep me. . . . This morning the housemaid says: 'No deaths, but all are sinking.' It is terrible. I had prayed so hard last night for them, and awoke to find myself praying to *America*. I don't know if a cable there would be of any use. . . .

"I have been to the Abbey listening to a rehearsal of 'The Lost Leader.' Aeroplanes passed over with a loud rumbling constantly, taking Mountjoy in their sweep. They seemed like vultures hovering, waiting for a death. I said it would make a fine end to 'Lost Leader' if he,

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Parnell, would say: 'I have learned that my generation has passed. I have no more to do. I will leave it to the lads in Mountjoy.' But we should all be sent there I suppose, if that were done, and X. looked gloomy. Mrs. Martin, dusting the seats, said her son (he had been a prisoner in Germany) had just been to Mountjoy, and thought there was a death near: 'he saw the priest going in with religious pictures.'

"I saw on the posters 'Prisoners dying' . . . I thought to get Russell and H. Plunkett to cable to John Quinn in New York, but R. says, H. Plunkett is lying up this week, and I couldn't walk so far as Russell's house. . . .

"3:30. Waiting at the Gresham; a constant quiet tramping of feet on the pavement, all going towards Mountjoy. No voices except the newsboys now and again 'Stop Press,' and the buzzing of the aeroplanes.

" 'Stop Press' says the Lord Mayor has been asked to go to the Viceregal Lodge. That is a hopeful sign.

"Evening. Later the hotel manager, delighted, told me the prisoners had been released—such a mercy! I met Douglas Hyde and his daughter bicycling back from Mountjoy where they had been in the watching crowd. A man had called out to them in Irish that the government had given in. Then Susan Mitchell, radiant, and we rejoiced together. It had been a terrible strain all day."

That is what was happening outside the jail.

But last night, November 7, 1928, coming in from seeing "The Plough and the Stars" at the Abbey Theater, I found on my table this book, "Days of Fear," and, taking it up, read on until, long after midnight, I had come to the end. But I had, as I read, been compelled now and again to look on to the last pages, to renew assurance that these heroic hunger-strikers had indeed brought their lives through that terrible ordeal, though "saved as by fire"—one remembers the imaginings of the women of Verona as Dante walked by!

> Behold him! how Hell's reek
> Has crisped his beard, and singed his cheek!

For those ten "Days of Fear," Easter Monday, April 5, to Thursday, April 15, are "living, livid, days. . . . And because they are real they are days strange and most poignant." I will let the prisoner tell his own story:

Easter Monday, April 5: "There is a queer happiness in me—If it were not so quiet in this cell and in the whole jail I would sing and call out in sheer gaiety of spirit. . . . The fight is on—the fight that now can have but one ending. . . . Triumph and freedom, something done for liberty and the rights of all men. . . . The porridge tasted sweet this morning. Perhaps it knew its mission, that it will have to keep us alive until we have won. 'This is the last time you will be washed by me,' I said to the enamelled plate, though dear knows there was not much need to wash it at all. 'This is the last time,' I said to the bone translucent spoon as I licked the last fleck of creaminess from it. 'Get ready for your new master,' I told the wooden salt-cellar. . . . " And later: "We trooped back to our cells joking, jubilant, and each to himself . . . a little uneasy."

The second day, Tuesday, April 6: "Tonight my head aches. . . . Those first days of hunger-striking are cruel days. Yet the hardest thing of all to bear is that there are no meal hours. Jail life hinges on the three meals . . . and now there is no division of the day, no beginning and no end . . . the head aches, the body is damp and weak . . . even sleep has gone."

Wednesday, April 7—the third day: "Not many in the exercise ring this morning. . . . News brought in by the latest prisoners of more assassinations of Republican leaders in the south—'That's a temper the Castle never showed before.' 'It won't be so easy as you think, Philip.' But he said suddenly, 'Hunger-striking is different. . . . They don't know how to meet it. Ashe died after four days of it, and the dread of unexpected deaths has been over the British since. They never know when one of us will go. Late last night young Mitchell fainted in his cell. The Governor was told, and lost his nerve. He thought it was the first of a regiment of deaths. They raced Mitchell over to the hospital and called three doctors.'

"We walked silently for a little while. . . . I was thinking of young Mitchell as he fainted."

Thursday, April 8: "Last night passed slowly. . . . The jail was full of little noises . . . knocking in some far cell . . . footsteps on the gravel far down below the window . . . the cautious tread of warders on their rounds of peeping . . . somebody clearing his throat in a cell nearby. . . .

"At exercise Philip was more jubilant than ever. . . . He walked swiftly with panther steps. . . . 'Fifteen more came in last night,' he said—'and they were all of them from Tipp. . . . ' He left me to greet one of the Tipperary men. 'God bless us, Sean, and is it you?' . . . It was. . . . I saw no more of him till we were going back to our cells. . . . I stumbled. . . . His hardness and his buoyancy both vanished, his arm was as gentle around me as a woman's. . . . 'Getting weak?' he asked, with wonderful softness in his voice. 'Not a bit of it,' I said. . . . Kicked a raised flagstone . . . getting weak? . . . Um. . . . "

Friday, April 9: "The jail is almost full . . . men from all parts . . . Northmen and far Westerners and the liquid speech of Kerry. . . . Not a man has broken strike. . . . Tomorrow will decide. . . . Friendly warder passed word a few moments ago that the prison doctors were fighting hard for release in the morning. . . . Today we laughed a lot at one another's weakness in the ring, and found it best to remain sitting most of the time. . . . Philip says we must husband our strength to walk home in the morning. . . . "

Saturday, April 10: "Yes, that is the Angelus. . . . But nothing has happened. . . . They said if we held out until Saturday we would have won . . . they said that. . . . Why is nobody singing in his cell? . . . Do they all think that . . . that now it must be death . . . and more, a queer death. . . . What a silence there is! Yet it seems a silence full of mad conflict . . . the conflict of minds fighting out the struggle of life with death. . . . Ah, that deep voiced man below is singing, not loudly, but the prison is so still. . . . Curse that warder and his new boots. . . . Ah, I hear him again now.

> So all round me hat I wear a tri-colored ribbon O;
> All round me hat until death comes to me.

"Oh, I wish he wouldn't. . . . If it were light I could read. . . . Christ, give me one hour's sleep. . . . "

Sunday, April 11: "I think I have been sleeping—With the day, who cares? Hunger-striking is simple after all . . . just fasting and no pain . . . no pain . . . but the heart stops. . . . We must be glad to die. I was yesterday. Now it seems hopeless . . . what do they care

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about death, the brutes! . . . Yet it is for Ireland, for justice . . . for those who have not yet been taken, that they may not have to do this . . . this horrible, unnatural thing. . . . Pearse's death. . . . He had only a day to think of it. . . . It was a soldierly death. . . . Oh, God let the daylight come! . . . I think I am going mad. . . . Four nights without sleep—six days without food. . . . Man must die—that is obvious now. . . . It will be hard to be the first. . . . But the others . . . it would be hard for them too. . . . Compromise is impossible—Death we pledged ourselves to take instead, and will. . . . Hello! . . . What's up? Three warders running. . . . The doctor! . . . Christ, as a brother, whoever it is, put Your arms about him now. . . . "

Monday, April 12: ". . . Compromise will be impossible over our dead bodies. . . . What is Ireland? . . . Land? . . . No. . . . People? . . . No . . . something else. . . . Ireland is the dead and the things the dead would have done. . . . Ireland is the living and the things the living would die for. . . . I am not afraid now. . . . But . . . I would prefer to die in the daytime. . . . It is no harm to have a preference . . . it would be horrible at night. . . .

" 'Oh, quite well, Doctor, thanks; how are the others?' He has stopped smiling, the doctor—why should *he* be afraid? The men are not afraid . . . except a little at night when . . . when the mind will not stay quiet. . . . But even Christ had that physical fear. . . .

"That is Philip's voice. . . . 'Hallo, boys!'—I hear the men crawling to the doors of their cells to listen at the broken lamp-holes. 'Yes, Philip?' 'There is to be a General Strike tomorrow.' The majority of the men are cheering lustily. . . . There are silent ones. . . . They feel that the General Strike has come too late. . . . I wonder!

"All day long the people outside have been cheering and singing. . . . There is a spiritual exaltation upon the people. It seems that only by tragedy the soul of a people may be saved."

Tuesday, April 13: "Men are nearly mad now. . . . Some of the other men . . . I know . . . but I am not mad. . . . They are trying to make me mad. . . . They are waiting till I sleep so that they can steal in and take my mug of water away. . . . I would become mad more quickly if I had no water. . . . Beautiful water with a thousand tastes. . . . If I would hide the mug they might forget. . . . Some French paper spoke of our 'pangs of hunger'—nobody could believe that there are none. There is revulsion at death, a wild longing to live . . . but no physical call for food—that ceased on the second day. . . . The doctors told the Governor that tonight some of us would be dead. . . . "

The pages after this are terrible, I must pass them over. I must look at the record of Wednesday, the tenth day of the ordeal.

"Philip took my hand—'They've given in, Frank,' he said. 'We're all going home. . . . ' "

And then those last pages that I had to hearten myself with a look at as I read the record:

"The taxi driver would not take his fare. He said he would be proud all his life that he had driven one of us. . . . It is, it must be real. . . . A square window . . . green, green trees and shrubs and green outside—yes, thrush, I'll look now . . . just now. . . . It is true. . . . I want to sing, too!"

Some time ago I had written that "looking through the little paper Sinn Fein, I found an article written by Frank Gallagher, on the individual, calling for individual example among Republicans of a cleaner, more just, more spiritual life. Our whole life is based on what individuals have done and have inspired others to do." I think of my old woman in "The Gaol Gate"—"It is not a little thing a man to die, and he protecting his neighbor!" And most of these men in Mountjoy, for our sakes, went into the very presence of death.

AUGUSTA GREGORY.

The Tragedy of John Ruskin

The Exquisite Tragedy, An Intimate Life of John Ruskin, by Amabel Williams-Ellis. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 371 pages. $3.50.

"EXQUISITE Tragedy" is Ruskin's own phrase for his situation in respect to his father, "who would have sacrificed his life for his son, and yet forced his son to sacrifice his life for him, and sacrifice it in vain. It is an exquisite piece of tragedy altogether—very much like Lear, in a ludicrous commercial way." The comparison to Lear suggested by the father may be applied in widening circles to the son. Lear's tragedy of unadjustment to his world was also Ruskin's. In all practical affairs which required coöperation with his fellows, Ruskin's career was a failure, sometimes ridiculous, sometimes pathetic, but usually spectacular. It began with the filial relation, which had so large a share in his life. It extended to his love affairs, his boyish passion for Adèle Domecq and its humiliating repulse, his marriage and divorce, his long and terrible infatuation with Rose LaTouche. It marked the application of his theories in architecture, which took form in the ugliest buildings at Oxford, the Museum and the Union. It accompanied his later efforts for the benefit of mankind, road building at Oxford, street cleaning in London, and the Guild of St. George, culminating in the loss of the fortune left by his father. Even the experiment of turning slum property into model tenements was attended by such quarrels and recrimination that his personal participation in it had to cease. In almost every experience of life we find Ruskin playing the part of Lear, his generosity and affection met by ingratitude and contempt; and, as if to make the parallel complete, the end is madness.

Mrs. Williams-Ellis has written an understanding and thoroughly readable account of Ruskin's life, always honest and frank, and never sentimental. The materials for a biography are enormous. Besides the formal autobiography "Præterita," and the abundant reminiscence in "Fors Clavigera," all of Ruskin's works, beginning with "Modern Painters," may be said to be personal, growing directly and naïvely out of his experience. As Mrs. Williams-Ellis notes, "Ruskin in an unusual degree expressed his unconscious self in his writing." In addition, there is an enormous mass of correspondence. To Miss Susan Beever, a neighbor at Coniston, Ruskin wrote 2,000 letters and notes. And there are the recollections of a host of friends, followers, pupils, critics and enemies. This material has been digested by earlier biographers, Collingwood, Cook, and Frederic Harrison, but Mrs. Williams-Ellis writes a stronger narrative and a clearer interpretation than any of her predecessors.

An opportunity and a difficulty in writing Ruskin's biography are afforded by the fact of his own extraordinary

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frankness. Ruskin grew up in a scientific age. He early enunciated a creed for painting which is perfect realism:

> Go to nature in all simpleness of heart, and walk with her laboriously and trustingly, having no other thoughts but how best to penetrate her meaning and remember her instruction; rejecting nothing, selecting nothing, and scorning nothing; believing all things to be right and good, and rejoicing always in the truth.

Ruskin rejected, selected, and scorned, and he believed that many things were not right and good, but he rejoiced in the truth, however intimate, humiliating or painful it might be to himself or others. From his story of the childhood when he had nothing to love, nothing to endure, and was taught no "precision of etiquette or manners," and was thus left a victim of his own emotional softness in undefended contact with the world's hardness, to the account of his madness in "The Late Mr. John Ruskin's Illness, Described by Himself," he furnishes the material for a case history. If the refusal to suppress any detail from which most men shrink in the fear of bringing shame on themselves or pain to those dear to them be the test, we must account Ruskin as the most eminent truth-teller in the world's history. What biographers have to consider, however, is the capacity of the witness for bearing testimony; and, if we check his power "to see the thing in itself as it really is" by his vision of others, his account of himself becomes a matter for somewhat cautious appraisal.

The life of Ruskin contains all the elements which make a tragedy: the inevitable working of forces which represent fate; the heroism with which they are defied; above all, the contrast between the height of splendor and glory which the hero attains at his zenith, in contrast to the precipitate depth of his fall. In 1860, Ruskin's external career had surpassed any promise, any hope, which even his parents may have entertained of him. As a mere boy he had carried literature into the new field of art criticism, which he had come to command fully—a dictator in the arts and the greatest living master of English prose. And suddenly he cast himself down into the abyss of public scorn, accepted the hatred of his class, made himself one of the intellectually despised and rejected. The publication of "Unto This Last" in The Cornhill Magazine, in 1861, was the turning point in Ruskin's career from criticism of art to the criticism of life. It was a logical outcome of his thought from the time when, writing "The Stones of Venice," he discovered that art is the expression of the worker, and that a society cannot build a worthy art on a foundation of social injustice. He thereupon called the capitalist class plainly and forcibly not only "a parcel of thieves," as Bernard Shaw says, but of liars and murderers as well. The magazine stopped his articles, and, a year or two later, when he attempted a more reasoned statement of his economic views in Fraser's Magazine, the same thing happened. Thereafter, though he was elected and reëlected Professor of Art at Oxford, and heard by great audiences of the eager and curious all over England, he was damned to respectable futility. The complacency of his countrymen was invincible, and this complacency drove him mad.

> The doctors say I went mad from overwork. . . . I went mad because nothing came of my work. People would have understood my falling crazy if they had heard that the manuscripts on which I had spent seven years of my old life had all been used to light the fire, like Carlyle's first volume of "The French Revolution." But they could not understand that I should be in the least annoyed, far less fall ill in a frantic manner, because after I had got them published, nobody believed a word of them.

It is natural to compare Ruskin's social doctrines with those of Tolstoy and Marx, whose near contemporary he was. Both Ruskin and Tolstoy came simply to the primary conclusion that they and their class were living in luxury which was at once vulgar and criminal, on the labor of others, and that, for their own sake as well as that of their victims, they should cease so to live. But, while Tolstoy forsook his class to become a peasant worker, Ruskin remained in his class to attack it from within.

Tolstoy was a genuine leveller. Ruskin was not. In his proposal for the Guild of St. George, he declared that it should harbor no liberty, "but instant obedience to known law and appointed persons; no equality . . . but recognition of every betterness that we can find, and reprobation of every worseness." Tolstoy and Ruskin would have agreed on the ideal of human fraternity, but Tolstoy believed in human nature to the verge of anarchy, while Ruskin, under Carlyle's tutorship, relied on the discipline of the drill sergeant, and of commanding and obeying. It is clear that Ruskin was in favor of an authoritarian state such as Lenin later established in Russia. Mrs. Williams-Ellis discusses interestingly the approximation of Ruskin's views to those of Marx, and raises the question why Ruskin did not, like William Morris, become a Marxian. It is uncertain how familiar Ruskin was with Communist doctrine. He would certainly have been repelled from it by its emphasis on machinery and the organization of industry. But Mrs. Ellis is doubtless right in observing that the question why Ruskin did not work with the Marxians is merged with the larger question why he could not work with anyone. And she recognizes, as a stain on Ruskin's name, that he was willing to accept the report of interested people and condemn the Communards of Paris, against whom M. Thiers was conducting a terror that surpassed Robespierre's. Ruskin's English middle-class inheritance doubtless operated to keep him within the barriers so gallantly surmounted by the Russian aristocrat Tolstoy; and the teaching of Carlyle certainly confirmed his prejudice in favor of law and order.

Ruskin's great service was larger than his teaching either of art or economics. It was to awaken the age to the real and intrinsic values of life, the things which we receive on esthetic grounds as absolute goods in themselves. The nineteenth century was a period in which the values of knowledge were enormously increased. It was one in which the attention paid to social adjustments was necessarily urgent, and Ruskin himself was only one of many theorists concerned with the distribution of goods so as to give a fairer share to every man. But the question was raised the more insistently: with all the advance in science and social organization, is life in itself worth living for any man? The Pragmatists have answered the question, or perhaps waived it, by pointing out that man does not live by taking thought but because it is characteristic of human nature to be alive. Nevertheless, the importance of emphasizing and increasing the essential values of life is still paramount.

Ruskin saw that the industrial system was blighting the beauty of the earth, and imprisoning men and women in its ugliest portions; that, by mass production, it was destroying the producer's joy in his work, and corrupting the consumer by depriving him of beautiful and individual objects resulting from such work. It was Ruskin's effort to stem

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this tide, to recall men to a sense of the beauty of the world and the possibilities for happiness in it, that animated his art criticism and the vast, various mass of his miscellaneous writings and lectures. It was Ruskin's test of the ultimate worth of things that led him to despise the merely mechanical or instrumental. When England rejoiced in the completion of the cable to India, he asked pertinently, "But what was the message and what the answer? Is India the better for what you said to her? If not, you have only wasted an all-around-the-world's length of copper wire—which is, indeed, about the sum of your doing." It was his insistence on these essential values as opposed to merely instrumental values, or values in exchange, that led him to attack the basis of political economy in its doctrine of wealth. He maintained that the stained and torn canvases of Tintoretto at Venice were true wealth, and Venice was the richer for them, while the cheap lithographs for sale on the Rue de Rivoli were false wealth, and Paris was the poorer by the amount of labor expended on them.

> *There is no wealth but life.* Life, including all its powers of love, of joy, and of admiration. That country is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings; that man is richest who, having perfected the functions of his own life to the utmost, has also the widest helpful influence, both personal, and by means of his possessions, over the lives of others.

This is the greatest service which a man can do for men, to bring them life and that more abundantly. And this is the reason why we can never have too many biographies of John Ruskin.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Conditioned Reflexes

Lectures on Conditioned Reflexes; Twenty-five Years of Objective Study of the Higher Nervous Activity (Behavior) of Animals, by Ivan Petrovitch Pavlov. Translated from the Russian by W. Gantt. New York: International Publishers. 414 pages. $6.50.

IVAN PETROVITCH PAVLOV is in his eightieth year. Most of his life has been spent in his laboratory, and concentrated upon the physiological study of living animals. For the last twenty-five years his attention has been focused upon the functions of the living brain, which he is studying "by the strictly objective method of conditioned reflexes." This research has developed from an enterprise of one man into the organized endeavor of a school. Pavlov's pupils and collaborators are at work not only in the laboratories in Leningrad, where he is himself in command, but wherever there is an institution of higher learning in Russia, and they are at work not without the constant direction and comment of their master. A voluminous record has been accumulated, containing matter of great factual as well as speculative importance. This matter calls for systematic statement and exposition. Yet Pavlov has never written a book, and I doubt if he is ever likely to, or if any of his pupils will do so while he is alive. The present volume is not a book, in the sense of being a single, continuous and unified exposition of the subject-matter. Rather is it, as Mr. Cannon says in his introduction, a collection of reports of progress. "The field," declares Pavlov, "is an entirely new one, and the work has constantly advanced. How could I halt for any comprehensive conception, to systematize the results, when each day new experiments and observations brought in additional facts!"

Yet the last paper in this collection, of the date of May 10, 1928, cannot be said to contain anything not already implied—if not explicitly stated—by the first paper, dated April, 1903. A systematic statement, indicating the novelties, fixing the constants and invariant elements, the underlying assumptions of the technique, would have saved much repetition that one cannot help regarding as needless and even confusing. Even so, the book is a welcome presentation of what has become a fundamental premise in prevailing thought about the life of the mind.

This premise is "the conditioned reflex." It is a complex notion, not a simple one, and it has its own assumptions. These are that an organism starts as a collection of original reflexes. These original reflexes constitute it as an organism. Each of them is coördinated with some class of objects in the environment—for example, the lungs with air, the eyes with light, the digestive system with food, etc. Each is capable both of functioning as an independent variable by itself without reference to the rest of the organism, or integrally, as a dependent part of the organic whole which is an animal or a man. Its capacity for isolated response to its appropriate stimulus enables us to study it in itself and to determine its connection with other reflexes. The number of unconditioned reflexes is indefinite, but Pavlov makes special reference to the food reflex, which he regards as most fundamental, the defensive or self-preserving reflex and the sex-reflex. He also expounds reflexes of freedom and slavery and a reflex of purpose!

The unconditioned reflexes are usually called instincts. They are innate, hereditary, inevitable. They cannot be extirpated without extirpating their corresponding organs. The conditioned reflexes are identified with associations and habits and the like. They are acquired, changeable, and can be produced or destroyed without damage to the corresponding organ. The unconditioned reflexes need not involve the cortex of the brain; the conditioned reflexes require it. It is the instrument of connection between a conditional stimulus and an unconditional response. Thus, in the classic experiment on conditioned reflexes, food in the mouth will automatically cause a flow of saliva. This happens even in decerebrated dogs. But the sound of a bell or the sight of a color won't bring on a flow of saliva in a dog without cortex. The cortex makes the connection between the sight or the sound and the watering of the mouth. By means of the brain, objects which are presented in space or in time together with the food are made symbols of the food and call forth the same response. They are conditioned stimuli and the response is now a conditioned response.

Nor do the cerebral hemispheres function only in stimulating responses. They are the instruments also of the processes known as inhibition, in the wandering and spreading, the irradiation, of both stimulation and inhibition, in reciprocal induction—that is, the setting up of inhibition when stimulation takes place, and vice versa—and especially in the analysis of inner and outer stimuli. In addition, the hemispheres are fundamental in the designation of temperaments. Pavlov distinguishes three types: the excitatory, the inhibitory and the central. The latter is the stable type. The first tends to neurasthenia, the second to hysteria.

Such, very briefly, are the premises of the Pavlovian sys-

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tem. Rejecting as they do all notion of a psyche or a consciousness, since such a thing is not amenable to laboratory use, they reduce every manifestation of life to the endless give and take of conditioned and unconditioned stimuli, the first being symbols and substitutes for the second, and both alike designed to touch off unconditioned reflexes. By implication all the phenomena of mental life, individual and social, are reducible to these reflexes and their symbols. No wonder the Communist theocracy seized upon this teaching, so in harmony with the orthodoxies of dialectical materialism, and have done their utmost to facilitate Pavlov's work, in spite of the fact that the old master is not a Communist, and thunders, when disturbed, against the system. But the vogue of the theory of "conditioned reflexes" does not rest on its availability for the Communist dogma. It rests upon its congruity with the spirit of the times; upon the fact that it provides at last a precise, fruitful, quantitative laboratory method for the investigation of animal behavior. Its application in this country has steadily won favor since Pavlov was first translated by Margulies and Yerkes some twenty years ago, and its relation to Watsonian Behaviorism is well known. It is not a count against it that it does not, any more than Behaviorism, account for imagery and memory, or the *quale* of consciousness. Pavlov and his followers have not concerned themselves with these matters, and until they do, there is nothing to be said. Upon the matters they have studied, they have thrown a high and significant light, a light purgative and debunking. The very refusal to set up a system is a shrewd commentary both upon the ready-made system they are supposed to verify in Russia, and the constructed one that is supposed to verify them in the United States.

H. M. KALLEN.

The Nature of the Physical World

The Nature of the Physical World, by A. S. Eddington. New York: The Macmillan Company. 361 pages. $3.75.

A QUESTION eagerly asked today is "What effect does the recent development of physics have on our conception of things in general—on our philosophy and our religion?" It is this question to which Professor A. S. Eddington addresses himself in his latest book, "The Nature of the Physical World." No man now living is more competent to give the answer: no mathematician has gone farther in the latest explorations that lead beyond the senses; no reasoner is more clear about the basis of straight thinking; none is more free from entangling prejudice and desire; none is so well equipped with common sense and humor to present his conclusions in a happy style. The book is altogether admirable. While a man is reading it he feels elated by the contact with a mind so felicitous and so safe; when he reaches the end of it he is content and grateful.

The first two-thirds of the book is devoted to explaining what the latest physics is. These chapters are hard reading, and a few passages are abstruse. Yet the tone and method are such that we know we are on solid ground, guided by a sensible gentleman who sees the humor of the strange sights he displays to us tourists in Continuum Land. "Imagine you are on a planet moving 161,000 miles a second," he says. "A railway journey between two towns which was 100 miles at noon is shortened to fifty miles at 6 P. M. when the planet has turned through a right angle. The inhabitants copy Alice in Wonderland; they pull out and shut up like telescopes. . . . I could point to a spiral nebula which is moving 1,000 miles a second. . . . At this rate the contraction is quite large enough to be appreciated in scientific measurements."

The paragraph is so playful and easy that we may not notice the art of it. Here is a treatment of the most incredible and mystifying hypothesis ever conceived, the "Fitzgerald contraction," an assumption that a moving body is shortened in the direction of its motion. When I first encountered it I had to struggle as if I were in a nightmare. If an Eddington had been my conductor in Wonderland, I should have known that I was wide awake in the normal workaday world. Eddington is like that in every chapter.

He enjoys the humorous and colloquial and concrete: "As a scientist I simply do not believe that the present order of things started off with a bang." "The mascot of this school of thought is the Phoenix." "The density of distribution of stars in space has been compared to that of twenty tennis-balls roaming the whole interior of the earth." He has an engaging way of personifying the most remote abstractions: "An electron decides how large it ought to be by measuring itself against the radius of the world in its space directions." If you have an ambition to understand in a general way what the farthest reaches of science are today, you will find no approach more easy or entertaining than this book.

Does the expression "an electron decides" seem to you a merely playful personification? It stretches, to be sure, far beyond what any physicist believes; but it is an index to the most startling and significant result of researches into the nature of the physical world. It appears to mathematicians that the component parts of the atom are not actuated by the determinism, by the rule of causation, that we find invariable in gross aggregates of matter. No law to govern the behavior of an electron is anywhere in sight; this bit of electricity seems to be free to produce an effect without a cause, to have what a human being naturally speaks of as a sort of "free will."

That is only one of the astonishing revelations that Eddington makes to a world of laymen who wish to know what science is all about. In an age when the psychologists scorn to speak of anything but mechanism in the mind, this physicist declares that there may be a spirit in man, a power which really can originate behavior, which has a free will. He judges that this is the fact.

He does not argue, as the unwary reader might suppose, from a free electron to a free will. An Eddington does not jump to analogies in any such fashion. His first care is to explain that, although causation in the old sense is discarded, there still remains the law of "probability," which is quite as tyrannous for the behavior of matter in masses as ever the old law of cause-and-effect was. How the actions of undetermined units can result in an absolutely determined action of the aggregate of units is a mystery which he does not discuss. It will certainly be discussed, and right plentifully, before the main body of scientists are convinced of the freedom of the will. But meantime we may enjoy our emancipation for a season.

The mind is an aggregate of electrons. Why, then, is not all its behavior as much determined as the behavior of any material mass is? Eddington does not evade the issue. He meets it like an honest man aware of lack of proof: "We must suppose that in the physical part of the brain

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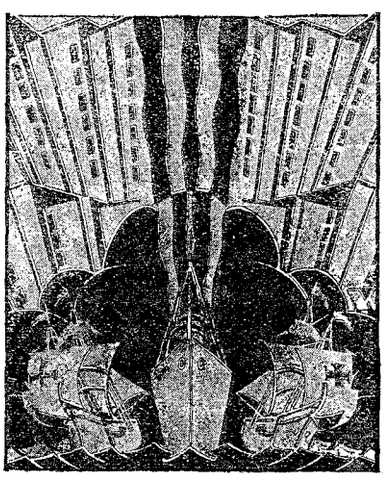

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immediately affected by a mental decision there is some kind of interdependence of behavior of the atoms which is not present in inorganic matter. I do not wish to minimize the seriousness of admitting this difference between living and dead matter. But I think the difficulty has been eased a little."

Probably most scientists will not be able to see how the difficulty has been eased at all, but I am sure that 99 percent of them will agree gladly with Eddington's denial that science is deterministic. No theological bogey is more generally believed in or is less of a reality. I have never seen in print any assertion by any leading scientist in any field that "the universe is nothing but a mechanism." It is well that the ghost should be laid once more.

Also it is wholesome to have such a prince among scientists declare unmistakably and often throughout his book that "all scientific knowledge is learned from measurements" and that "physical science is concerned with a world of shadows." He pities the feebleness of mind that tries to argue from science to God. He repeatedly states that mystical religion—and he defends no other—is intuitive knowledge, an indisputable experience: "There are some to whom the sense of a divine presence irradiating the soul is one of the most obvious things of experience. In their view a man without this sense is to be regarded as we regard a man without a sense of humor. The absence is a kind of mental deficiency." Between such a religion and science there can be no conflict.

But does Eddington include himself among those "some" who have the religious certitude? He seems to, but does not actually testify. Would that he had indicated a way by which those who have striven in vain for "a sense of the divine presence" might learn some inkling of it.

HENSHAW WARD.

The Creation of a Writer

The Letters of Katherine Mansfield, edited by J. Middleton Murry. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. Two vols. 517 pages. $7.50.

IT CANNOT truly be said that when Katherine Mansfield died, in the winter of 1923, she had become a great writer; but she was of the breed. "I'm sick of people dying who promise well," she says in one of her letters. "One doesn't want to join that crowd at all." That was just the crowd she joined. The stories she might have written—and they would almost certainly have been better than any she has left—will never be written. But her premature death has not diminished, it might almost be said to have enhanced, her value to us. Her actual achievement, considerable as that was, is as nothing compared with her effort. It is the traces of her effort, her lifelong struggle to become a good writer, which are worth more to us, as human beings, than all the masterpieces she might have written. From her stories alone, we might not have discovered what she was after, though we could see what she had reached; but with her "Journal" and these two volumes of her letters to supplement the record, he who also runs may read.

The "Journal," edited (as are these "Letters") by her husband, J. Middleton Murry, was extremely disappointing. It was sketchy, incomplete, and parts of it had obviously been suppressed. But it told us something more than we had known about Katherine Mansfield; and if you were interested in her, that was better than nothing. This edition of her letters (perhaps not a definitive edition) repeats the faults of the "Journal," but to a less irritating degree: it is a much fuller account. It is less irritating, but more tantalizing, for it tells us so much about her that we feel entitled to know more. As a personal record of Katherine Mansfield, the letters leave many blanks which only our imagination, or the accounts of her friends, can fill in; but on the other hand, they do give us, about as fully as human documents can, an insight into the development of that queer being known as an artist.

Her letters were, of course, not intended for publication —though few people, and certainly no writer, ever wrote the simplest note without an eye to some larger public than the person addressed. Katherine Mansfield was no exception to this rule; in fact, her letters are an example of it: she took advantage of almost every one of them to practise her trade. Almost every one contains, often apropos of nothing, a little vignette of "literary" description: the view of the sea from her window, a bird's song, what the sky looks like, the sound of the wind, a scrap of dialogue. They are delightful letters, sometimes: gay, malicious, tender, amusing ("To me, though, the symbol of Switzerland is that large middle-class female *behind.* It is the most respectable thing in the world. It is Matchless. Everyone has one in this hotel; some of the elderly ladies have two"); sometimes they are hateful, complaining, whimpering letters; sometimes they are bursting with high spirits ("I have also a feeling too deep for sound or foam for all kinds of *salads*"), and sometimes heavy with despair—but they are always the letters of a person who took life hard. And what other kind of person is of any interest whatever?

The letters printed in these two volumes cover only the ten years of her married life, from 1913 till a few days before her death in January, 1923. They show her, first, in a little red brick cottage in the English countryside, working away at her contributions for The Blue Review, and writing the news of the day to her editor-husband in London, who gets down only for week-ends. And at the last, she is writing to him again, this time from the Gurdjieff Institute at Fontainebleau, where she has gone to begin once more, from the beginning, the troublesome and never-ending business of learning how to be a good writer. Between these two letters are ten years, years of struggle, hardship, illness, separation, disappointment, and some happiness. Cheap hotels on the Continent, little cottages in England, gloomy houses in the suburbs of London, a wind-swept villa on the Riviera—she seemed fated never to settle in any place for long. This apparent restlessness had several causes: a kind of optimistic poverty which was always scheming to find the perfect, cheap and permanent home; the War, with its enforced separations and its iron disregard for the plans of individuals; but principally, and increasingly with the last six years of her life, her wanderings became a search for the health that was necessary to her writing, a series of vain attempts to escape from the specter of the tuberculosis which was gradually eating away her lungs.

The great number of letters she wrote to her husband is a sad indication of how much she was "away from home." But Katherine Mansfield was a born letter-writer: her husband happened to be her chief correspondent, but he was by no means her only one; and the amount of her unpublished letters must be very great. There is not a single letter in this collection, for instance, to D. H. Lawrence, who was apparently an intimate friend; nor one to H. M. Tomlinson; nor one to A. R. Orage, the editor

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of The New Age, who knew her years before Murry did, and published her first stories.

In the very first letter there is an indication of her literary ambitions, and an expression of that airy contempt for most of her fellow writers, their aims and probable accomplishments, which became more aloof with the passage of time, less personal, but not less profound. Though Katherine Mansfield has been called a follower of Chekhov, she was so only chronologically; and she was never a member of any particular literary school. The writers of her own generation whom she most admired were of such dissimilar types as D. H. Lawrence and H. M. Tomlinson, and even in their case it was perhaps more friendship than affinity of purpose that drew her to them. She seems to have been born with the conviction that the practice of life is more important than the practice of any creed, artistic or otherwise, and she was always rediscovering her conviction. She was always questioning herself, and getting no answer, or getting an answer that was so defiant it rang a little hollow. From Fontainebleau, in one of her last letters, she writes: "Whenever I am intense (really, this is so) I am a little bit false." She was always trying to discover the secret of how to be a good writer; whether or not she did, no one will ever know for sure. The secret is undoubtedly a riddle everyone must untangle for himself, but others have attempted to express it. "He who would be a poet must be himself a poem." All her life Katherine Mansfield had this secret hidden away in the back of her head; perhaps we never really learn anything that we do not know already, but what an expenditure it costs us to find out what we know!

It cost Katherine Mansfield her lifetime. As late as February, 1918, she is still, as far as she can discover, a house divided against itself. "I've two 'kick offs' in the writing game. *One* is joy—real joy . . . something delicate and lovely seems to open before my eyes, like a flower without thought of a frost or a cold breath, knowing that all about it is warm and tender and 'ready.' . . . The other 'kick off' is my old original one, and, had I not known love, it would have been my all. Not hate or destruction (both are beneath contempt as real motives) but an *extremely* deep sense of hopelessness, of everything doomed to disaster . . . *a cry against corruption*—that is *absolutely* the nail on the head. Not a protest—a *cry*. And I mean corruption in the widest sense of the word. . . . " Eighteen months later she writes, from Ospedaletti, "The sea is my favorite sea, bright, bright blue, but showing a glint of white as far as one can see. That lift of white seen far away, as far as the horizon, moves me terribly. In fact it is *the very thing* I would like to express in writing: it has *the very quality*." What she would like to do! For the moment, she has given up the attempt to find out how to do it, and is dreaming in images. But the observer, the artist, is still the same old broken reed.

Shortly after this time, Katherine Mansfield passed through an unusually severe state of depression. "Something happened, a kind of earthquake that shook everything and I lost faith and touch with everybody." And she writes to her husband, in May of 1921: "You ask me how I am. . . . I am much the same. . . . But otherwise I feel . . . well . . . it's difficult to say. No, one can't believe in *God*. But I must believe in something more *nearly* than I do. . . . Do I live as though I believe in anything? Don't I live *in glimpses* only? There is something wrong, there is something small in such a life. . . . The only thing to do is to try again from tonight to be stronger and better—to be *whole*. That's *how I am*. . . ."

If we say that such language indicates merely a "religious crisis," we beg the question. Katherine Mansfield's life, which to her increasingly meant her writing, was gradually turning barren and meaningless before her eyes. Her disease, of course, must have been a contributing factor in this process, but her whole being was involved; she was remembering, with more force than ever before, her conviction that the practice of life was the only thing of any importance, and remembering how incompletely she had practised it.

She had already heard, from friends in England, something of the Gurdjieff Institute at Fontainebleau, and had been attracted by the ideas taught there. Now, in the autumn of 1922, she decided to go there: with the one purpose, the purpose which she never forgot, of learning how to be a good writer. To continue to be any kind of a writer, she had also either to cure or arrest the progress of her disease, and of this she seems to have been very hopeful. Not without cause, for there were competent physicians in attendance, and the climate was no worse than many she had wintered in. From Fontainebleau she writes to Murry: "If I had gone on with my old life I never would have written again, for I was dying of poverty of life. . . . I want to write, but differently—far more steadily."

Her last few letters are calm, matter-of-fact, peaceful; there are no "literary" descriptions in them. Not that she has given up writing; she is writing constantly, but she is ashamed of her efforts, and destroys them all; she will not write again for publication until she can write something of which she is not ashamed. And then, in January, 1923, when she had hardly more than begun this period of probation, she died.

Sooner or later most artists come to terms with their art; and the terms of that compromise are the measure of their achievement. Katherine Mansfield never succeeded (if that is the word) in coming to terms with her art. Doubtless she would have, if she had lived long enough; for, though the span of life is short, it is long enough for most human beings to discover that they are tired of learning. She compromised continually, as none knew better than she, but, whether or not it was death that saved her from it, she never made a surrender. The circumstances of her death are surrounded with rumor, and perhaps the truth of the matter will never be widely known. That is one of the penalties which the editor of her letters must pay for publishing them. This action of his will be regarded by many as a generous and noble gesture; some may think it callous or foolhardy. But on the whole, we may be grateful to him, for letting us share, to the extent he has, the memory of a brave and inspiring life.

T. S. MATTHEWS.

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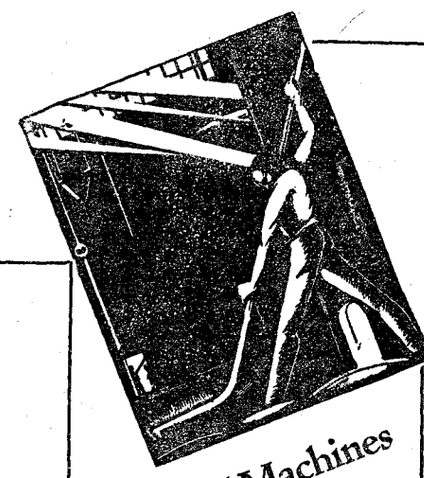

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